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To Major General W. W. Ireland, M.C.
 Surgeon General of the Army,
 from
 U.S. A. Base Hospital No. 68
 Maro sur. Allier,
 France
 St. Col. Ralph H. Hildebrand, M.C.,
 Army.



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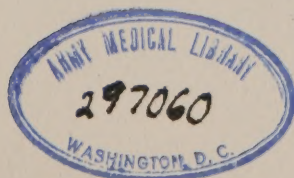
Col. R. C. HEFLEBOWER, M. C., U. S. A.

U.S. Army. Base Hospital no. 68
"

UNITED STATES
BASE HOSPITAL 68
A. E. F.

*History of the Organization
and Personnel*

BOSTON
GRIFFITH-STILLINGS PRESS
1920



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1920

DEDICATION

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS DEDICATED
TO THE SERVICE,
LOYALLY AND FAITHFULLY PERFORMED,
BY EACH AND EVERY MEMBER
OF U. S. BASE HOSPITAL SIXTY-EIGHT
WHO HAS HELPED TO KEEP ALIVE
THOSE IMMORTAL WORDS OF LINCOLN:
"THAT GOVERNMENT
OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE,
FOR THE PEOPLE,
SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH"

COL. R. C. HEFLEBOWER

Born, Washington, D. C., October 25, 1884. Attended graded schools, Washington, D. C. Graduated from Western High School, June, 1902, where he received his first military training for two years, being connected with the Washington High School Cadets. Received degree, Doctor of Medicine, George Washington University, Washington, D. C., June, 1906, at age of twenty-one.

1904-1908, Member of the Ambulance Corps, District of Columbia National Guard. Intern, Emergency Hospital, Washington, D. C., February, 1907, to March, 1908. Member of Resident Staff, Santa Fé Railroad Hospital, Topeka, Kansas, May to November, 1908. Went to East Liverpool, Ohio, November, 1908, with intent to practise medicine there, but a few months later decided to enter the army.

Commissioned First Lieutenant, Medical Reserve Corps, September 1, 1909. Honor graduate, Army Medical School, May 30, 1910. Commissioned First Lieutenant, Medical Corps, U. S. A., April 17, 1910, and stationed in Surgeon General's Laboratory.

Fort Bayard, New Mexico, January, 1911, to November, 1912. Philippine Islands, 1913 to 1915. Commissioned Captain, Medical Corps, June 20, 1913. Fort Niagara, New York, November, 1915, to May, 1916. Surgeon, 16th United States Infantry, with punitive expedition, Mexico, May, 1916, to February, 1917, and then with same regiment in United States until May 31, 1917.

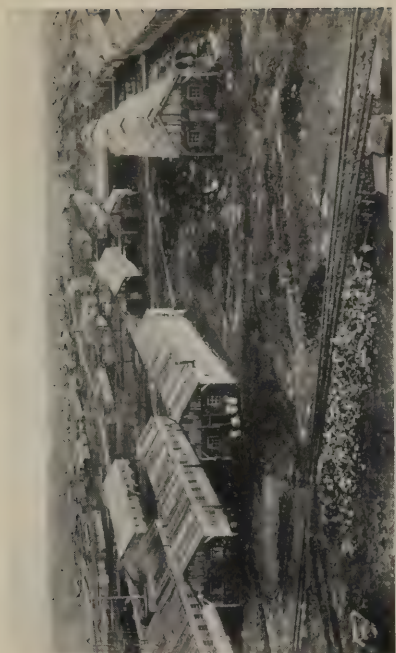
June 1st to August 15, 1917, Base Hospital, El Paso, Texas. Commissioned Major, Medical Corps, May 15, 1917. August 15, 1917, to April 10, 1918, Commanding Officer, Base Hospital, Camp Hancock, Augusta, Georgia. Commissioned Lieutenant Colonel, Medical Corps, January 9, 1918. Commanding Officer, Base Hospital No. 68, April, 1918, to January 20, 1919. Commissioned Colonel, Medical Corps, May 5, 1919.

Member of Societies as follows: Phi Chi Medical Fraternity. 32d Degree, A. F. & A. M. Member A. A. O. N. M. S. Member Modern Woodmen of America.

INTRODUCTION

WITH the official orders of Colonel Heflebower directing that Lieutenant Sawyer act as historian for this organization, the real work of this little volume began. Unfortunately I had been absent during the strenuous days, and had been somewhat out of touch with the current happenings day by day. Ashbrook has said somewhere in his writings, that the Colonel passed the buck to the Lieutenant, he in turn to the Sergeant, and the Sergeant, not to be outdone, passed on his job to the Buck Private. That this may be true in a measure, I would not dispute. The Colonel certainly had no time that he could personally give to this work, and as to the happenings intimately associated with our enlisted corps and nurses personnel, I felt that these very important matters affecting the organization should necessarily be handled by those more intimately associated. Therefore the contents of this little volume is a joint contribution by nurse, officer, non-com., and buck private, and I wish to express my great appreciation to those who have so cheerfully assisted me in making this, I trust, a successful history of Base Hospital No. 68.

A. R. S.



Bird's-Eye View of Sixty-eight's Buildings



Water Tower of Camp



Receiving Ward



The Men of Sixty-eight

HISTORY OF BASE HOSPITAL 68

It would be hard to say at what hour, day, or date the history of Base Hospital No. 68 began. It is safe to relate that the organization was created in the minds of the powers that be, in Washington, some months before the actual orders for mobilization came hurrying over the wires. It was first planned that this organization should serve as a G. U. Base Hospital, but conditions arose soon after mobilization which changed the plans of the Surgeon General's Office and orders were received to enlarge to a General Base.

That there was some difference in opinion as to the exact location for our mobilization is evidenced from the fact that the first orders designated Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, as the objective. Shortly after, these were countermanded, and Camp Crane, Allentown, Pennsylvania, became the mecca toward which we turned our steps, and where the real history of Base Hospital No. 68 began.

A BUNCH OF RAW RECRUITS

The first member of the organization reported on April 1, 1918. It is true that no one at Camp Crane had ever heard of such an organization, and this statement was made by no less a personage than Captain Rasmussen, Adjutant of the camp, but the lieutenant reporting, backed by his orders, which distinctly read Camp Crane, decided to bide a bit and see if something might not turn up; and, like the proverbial bad penny, something did. Two more officers reported the following day, and from this time on our personnel gradually grew until we were recruited to strength.

Paragraph 164, Special Orders No. 78, W. D., dated April 3, 1918, directed Lieut. Col. Roy C. Heflebower to proceed from Base Hospital, Augusta, Georgia, to Camp Crane, Allentown, Pennsylvania, to take command of Base Hospital No. 68. With the arrival of our commanding officer a schedule was soon laid out, and the officers found the hours well filled with drill and lectures. As the greater number of our officers were fresh from civilian life, the necessity of this intensive training was most apparent. A soldier is supposed to know his right foot from his left, and I have often wondered what our C. O. really thought the first morning he lined his officers up for drill. We were certainly a bunch of raw recruits. Of course there were exceptions to the rule, and a few had had the advantage of previous military training, thereby enabling them to shine with added brilliancy against the cruder efforts of the majority of

us. However, the majority, spurred on by the realization that we could not expect to go overseas until we had attained the perfection in things military, worked the harder in our endeavors to overcome any apparent handicaps. There was also the added incentive, which is always present, the desire for promotion.

Private James Barlow was transferred direct to this organization from the Recording Office, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and was the only enlisted man on duty during the entire month of April. "Jimmie," as he was always known to both officers and men, lived up to the old saying, "Good things come done up in small packages." During the month of June our personnel both as to officers and men was completed, one hundred and fifty of the enlisted men being transferred from Base Hospital No. 54, Camp Greene, North Carolina.

During this month all our energies were bent upon preparing the organization for overseas service. Long hikes, with daily drill, the rolling of packs, and pitching of pup tents were a part of our schedule, with lectures filling in any of the spare hours. On June 26, 1918, our commanding officer reported Base Hospital No. 68 ready for overseas service, and on July 2, 1918, orders were received to proceed to the port of embarkation, Hoboken, New Jersey.

ENTRAINING FOR PORT

At 12.15 A.M., July 7th, we marched out of the gates of Camp Crane to entrain for the port. Secrecy — that magic word, and yet how often abused or misused, for in spite of all the precautions, and an honest, loyal effort on the part of the whole personnel, the hidden wireless must have flashed a few scattered messages, for the streets were lined, even at the early hour, to witness the boys depart. The applause, the hearty "good luck" and "a safe journey" echoed from all sides as we tramped down the street toward the station. Deep in the heart of every man were feelings not expressed, not to be put into words. The station was soon reached, and after a momentary halt we boarded the train, which soon pulled out, and we were on the first stage of our long journey — the journey to which we had looked forward for so many months. The cars were crowded and we were hot, dusty, and tired, but such trifling things were of but little moment at such a time. The night soon passed, and in the early morning we crossed over the Jersey meadows to our detraining station. Here we were drawn up in company front, and marched in columns of twos to the waiting ferryboat *Plainfield*. It, too, was crowded to capacity, and for hours we waited. Finally we pulled out of the slip and slowly made our way along the river front. Numerous were the comments and suggestions as to which of the waiting transports would be our home for the trip across, but no one selected the mighty *Leviathan* as a possible choice. We were finally landed at a wharf some distance away from the large troopship, and here again we had

to possess ourselves with patience in the hot sun, as we slowly moved forward a few feet at a time. At four o'clock in the afternoon the head of our line finally reached the checking desk; and with no further halts or interruptions the men rapidly filed across the narrow gangplank to be introduced to their quarters which were to serve as their homes for the journey across.

G9 and H5—will you ever forget them?—dark little cubby-holes, canvas bunks three tiers in height, a few scattered incandescent lights which only served to intensify the shadows; portholes through which no air or sunshine could penetrate, for they must be kept closed at all times, and woe to the one who tampered with them; the only ventilation a huge canvas airshaft extending from H5 to the upper deck. But with all this we were fortunate in our location, for it might have been our misfortune to have drawn quarters in the gallery overlooking the mess hall. The writer made the trip in the mess line only twice; but the time spent, although short, was quite long enough to convince him that the quarters in G9 and H5 were a paradise compared to some he passed through on these hurried but memorable journeys.

"GOOD BY, BROADWAY!"

At 5 p.m., July 8th, the abandon ship call was sounded, and as we came rushing up the stairs to our station on deck, the great transport slowly pulled out from her dock. The band of the 114th Infantry struck up, "Good By, Broadway," and amid the cheers of people on shore and on the passing ferryboats on the river, the great boat turned her bow toward the open sea, and the second stage of our long journey had commenced. As the Statue of Liberty was passed "The Long, Long Trail" was sung. I doubt if those words ever held quite the meaning to any of us that they did at this time, for it was in truth a long trail from which many of us would never return.

The call to quarters soon sounded, and we slowly made our way below, turning back for just one last look at the fast receding shores of the U. S. A. Fortunately for us our trip across was a quick one. Our transport lived up to her reputation for speed, and we were not hampered by slow convoys. Daily inspection of quarters found Sixty-eight in apple-pie order, much to the satisfaction of every one. The record for abandon ship drill was broken, the time lowered from fourteen to eleven minutes. On July 13th, at 2 p.m., we entered the danger zone, and the tension naturally increased. Guards were doubled and a sharp lookout kept for our enemy, the submarine. The following morning, at nine o'clock, five destroyers appeared in sight, remaining with us for the rest of the voyage.

THE SHORES OF FRANCE

July 15th, at 11 A.M., the shores of France appeared through the mist and fog, and at one o'clock in the afternoon we came to anchor in the roadstead of Brest, surrounded by numbers of camouflaged transports, while strange-looking harbor craft went speeding by. All was hurry and bustle aboard our ship. Rumors were flying fast. We were to disembark at once. No, we were to remain on board all night and go ashore the first thing in the morning. In the meantime the men had their packs rolled, bunks down, and canvas rolled up, life preservers piled away, and were as anxious as the officers for some definite orders. Captain Tarr, the Adjutant, walked up and down with a look upon his face as if he were carrying the secrets of the whole boat, and to the anxious inquiries of the officers, gave them to understand that while he would like to tell them, yet it was not permissible according to the latest orders. But he wished to impress upon every officer that we might or we might not leave the boat at a moment's notice. The order suddenly came at 5 P.M. that we were to disembark, and with full equipment we began our march toward the bow of the boat. We almost made it, but not quite. The order came to return to our quarters. At 7.30 P.M. another attempt was made. This time we did not get as far as the first, and once more the return trip to quarters was made. By this time we were hot, tired, hungry, thirsty, and a few other adjectives we won't put into words. Running through my mind at this time was that old nursery rhyme, which I felt expressed our efforts as well as anything I knew.

"The noble Duke of York
He had ten thousand men,
He marched them up the hill
And marched them down again."

But our third attempt resulted in a complete success as far as getting off the boat was concerned, although before morning I doubt if there was a man who did not feel as if he had jumped from the frying-pan into the fire.

DISEMBARKING

We were transferred across a slippery gangplank to the dumpy little ferryboat upon which it was not necessary to hang out the "Standing Room Only" sign, for this was self-evident. In the pitch darkness, a choppy sea, and the driving rain, our boat slowly made its way toward the shores of France, debarking at 11.30 P.M. How we ever managed to form ranks still remains a mystery to me. Possibly it was the vision of that rest camp which drew us together: warm fires, a comfortable bed in some large barracks such as we had left behind us at Camp Crane, possibly a hot cup of coffee handed out to us by an attractive Red Cross maiden before we turned in for that much

needed rest. Surely that was not too much to expect. Possibly we would have to forego the hot coffee, and on second thought it was a little late to keep women up, who had probably been working all day, but the other requirements were assured. The order to march passed down the long line, and with heavy packs, but light hearts, we tramped away in the darkness and rain. Along the docks, over the railroad tracks, where puffy little engines were shunting loaded cars, at the signal of a fish horn, up the hill, past buildings shrouded in darkness; the only noise the muffled tramp of marching men, no lights but the imaginary illumination of the rest camp ahead. At the top of the hill a voice in French directed us on, and an inquiry by Sergeant Rosseau, our official interpreter, brought forth the information that our destination was but five minutes march ahead. During the next hour I wondered if the French people estimated distance and time as we did.

IN CAMP AT BREST

Some one has said it is a long lane that has no turning, and the truth of this became evident at length when we turned from our long lane into a narrower one, and slipping and sliding in the mud and darkness we came into an inclosed field, where the order to halt was given. "Un-roll packs" and "pitch tents" soon followed. By the sense of touch alone, accompanied by frequent cuss words as thumbs and fingers were struck instead of the intended tent pins, our shelters were finally erected. Too wet and tired to give a thought to the future, the men rolled into their blankets on the wet ground and were soon asleep. Section Commanders were fortunate in being able to share the limited space in the pup tents with the men; but the other officers, huddled under a tree by the roadside, found poor comfort in the few remaining hours of the darkness. Wet and cold, they welcomed the first signs of dawn. At 4 A.M. Section Commanders were aroused with orders to march their sections to the Pontanezen Barracks to bring back our entire field equipment, as trucks were most noticeable by their absence and man power the only means of transportation. Wet and tired, in a cold drizzle, we marched back to the barracks; and then, loaded down like packhorses, we returned to our encampment. Our field kitchen was soon erected and preparations begun for the first meal since leaving the transport. Daylight revealed the fact that our tents were pitched in straggling rows, and the company street most resembled the crooked thoroughfares of my native city. This was soon remedied, the pyramidal tents for the officers pitched, and soon the call for mess brought us to the realization that we were hungry. Field rations, it is true, but never did bully beef taste better. Our encampment was shared by Base Hospital Nos. 7, 47, 67, and Machine Gun Company No. 110, who had been our companions on board the transport, and they continued our companions in the joys (?) of our rest camp life while at Brest.

FIRST SUNDAY IN FRANCE

The remainder of the week passed uneventfully with its routine of detail work, and blue denims were the accepted uniform of the day, — the most notable detail being that we were called upon to clean up an adjoining camp occupied by colored troops. Just why the poor overworked (?) colored man was unable to clean his own camp has never been explained. Our first Sunday in France was ushered in with sunshine, the first we had experienced since our arrival. Church exercises were held, conducted by the members of our own organization, simple but impressive, holding an added meaning to us as we stood with bared heads listening to the earnest voice of the chaplain. At 4 P.M. orders arrived for us to entrain early the following morning. As this necessitated our breaking camp before daylight, orders were given to strike tents at once. The early part of the evening was spent in songs and entertainment furnished by the various members of the organization, and as darkness settled down over the camp we endeavored to make ourselves as comfortable as the conditions would permit.

At 4 A.M. the order was given to fall in, and shortly after, like the Arabs of old, having folded our tents we stole away into the coming dawn. The sun was slowly rising in unaccustomed splendor for this part of France. As we entered the old town of Brest and tramped along its worn cobbled streets, only an occasional early riser or a face peering from the latticed windows above greeted us as we marched by; but here and there was heard a "Bon voyage" in an unaccustomed but no less cordial voice, cheering us on for the journey ahead. A short tramp along the water front brought us to our entraining point and our first introduction to a French troop train. There were no "40 hommes ou 8 cheveux" in its makeup, but I doubt if a third-class French car has any advantages over the former. Hard wooden benches, eight men and all their equipment to a compartment, together with the strict orders allowing no man to leave the cars without permission while en route, must have made many during the next two days long for the straw-covered floor of the now famous traveling palace of the enlisted men in France.

AT HOSPITAL CENTER

On the morning of July 24th we pulled into the station of Nevers, where our train was shunted back and forth in the yards until afternoon. At 3 P.M. we were started on the final stage of our journey, reaching the station of Mars after an hour's ride. On the sloping hill in the distance could be seen the buildings of the Hospital Center, still in the process of construction, which was to be the future home of our organization during its stay in France. It was with distinct satisfaction and relief that we piled out of the cramped compartments of the troop train at 5 P.M., and after assignment of quarters, which were but temporary,

details were soon busy unloading our baggage and equipment. Our baggage detail, in charge of Lieutenant Stickney, deserve the greatest credit for the manner in which they performed their duties, not one piece missing, and all in good condition. (This detail had been a permanent one from the time the organization left the States.)

Seven o'clock brought the welcome call to mess, and no time was lost in sitting down to the first real meal we had enjoyed in many days. Lieutenant Scott and his cooks certainly outdid themselves that night and never did food taste as good. What difference if the hornets did insist on being among those present. We accepted them as a necessary evil, to be taken more seriously later on.

WORK AND LOTS OF IT

The following morning the officers made their official visit upon Colonel Skinner, Commanding Officer of the Center. We found him a most courteous gentleman, who welcomed us, the first unit to arrive at the Center. He warned us that there was a great deal of work to be done and the time short, but was pleased with the quiet assurance of our commanding officer that the organization was ready for the work and qualified to carry it on. That Colonel Skinner had not overestimated the work to be done was soon evident. At this time the only unit buildings completed were those later taken over by Base Hospital No. 48. Most of the buildings for our own unit had been completed but the operating pavilion and administration building were still in the process of construction. The Chateau-Thierry offensive was being carried on at this time and any day might bring hospital trains with wounded from the front. Details were formed to clean the wards, set up beds, etc., while the operating pavilion of Base Hospital No. 48, filled to the windows with debris, was cleared and scrubbed; dressings were cut and put up for the sterilizers, and when night came we felt that much had been accomplished. The following morning, July 26th, found us all hard at work at an early hour. Ten drums of dressings were prepared, and that evening we turned over the plant, ready for operation, to Base Hospital No. 48, which had arrived that afternoon. At 8.30 in the evening orders arrived for twenty officers to report at once at General Headquarters, Chaumont, for duty on operating teams, at the end of the emergency to return to their organizations. Ten officers were selected from each of the two organizations at the Center and that night took the American express at Nevers. None of us realized how long a time would elapse before we were to return to the Center again. It was some time after the signing of the armistice before the last team did return.

PRIDE IN RESULTS

The hospital was formally opened on August 2, 1918, when the first hospital train arrived at the Center, and from this time on work

and still more work was the order of the day (day being interpreted as twenty-four hours). Early in October the hospital had reached its capacity as far as the number of patients that could be accommodated; but as the hospital trains were still coming in loaded with wounded, an annex was established and Lieutenant Stickney placed in charge as executive officer. This was opened on October 12, 1918, thereby increasing the bed capacity of the hospital to 3,500, with an emergency bed capacity of 4,000. The maximum number of patients cared for at the annex at one time was 1,834. On December 4, 1918, the annex, with 1,197 patients, was transferred to Base Hospital No. 123; therefore, from October 12, 1918, to December 4, 1918, this hospital performed the work of two units. This called for the maximum effort on the part of its personnel, both mentally and physically, and that this was accomplished, in spite of many handicaps, with the good results obtained is a source of great pride to every member of the unit. The month of November, 1918, brought us our maximum number of patients. On November 15th we had 3,229 patients, while the daily average for the month was 2,804.1. The average personnel for this month was as follows:

| <i>Officers</i> | | |
|--|-------|-------|
| Medical | 26.5 | |
| Dental | 2. | |
| Sanitary | 4.8 | |
| Q. M. C. | 1. | |
| Chaplain | .6 | |
| | <hr/> | 34.9 |
| <i>Enlisted Men</i> | | |
| N. C. O. | 28.1 | |
| Privates and Privates, 1st Class | 221.3 | |
| | <hr/> | 249.4 |
| Nurses | | 83.6 |

Note: The above figures include men on detached service.

ORDER OUT OF CHAOS

The buildings turned over to us for use as a hospital were simply buildings, nothing more. So it was necessary to put our shoulders to the wheel and make these mere shells, set down in what was soon to be a sea of mud, an up-to-date hospital.

So on August 15th Colonel Heflebower selected Sergeant O'Toole to start road construction. This genial foreman, assisted by a detail from the detachment, worked hard until the middle of November, by which time ideal roads and paths ran everywhere throughout the unit.

At times we sometimes heard murmurs about this work, and some spoke of how unnecessary it all was. But what a difference there was when the rains came, and in only one of the nine units at Mars could one



Ward Interior



Eye, Nose, and Throat Department



Operating Room



Ward Interior

walk around without sinking half way to his knees in mud — and that one our own Sixty-eight.

With the occupancy of its new buildings, Base Hospital 68 began at once the very necessary additional construction work to make its plant and surroundings the more complete and better equipped to carry on the work of the hospital.

These roads were of crushed rock foundation, 10 feet in width.

Cement walks about the Administration building, officers' quarters, nurses' quarters, and mess hall — 1,350 feet in length, 3½ feet wide; duck board walk — 650 feet in length, 3 feet wide; ash walk — 1,750 feet in length, 3 feet wide; rock walk — 250 feet in length, 3½ feet wide.

In addition to the above, this detail graded the grounds about the Administration Building, nurses' quarters, and officers' quarters, trees and shrubbery were set out, and the grounds made as attractive as possible.

CARPENTRY AND PLUMBING

Sergeant Powell, in charge of the carpenter work, kept a detail busy from August until the latter part of December. The following work was completed by the detail:

Stable to accommodate three horses; drying house in connection with bathhouse; boiler room at operating pavilion; large cabinet (instrument) operating room; small cabinet (instrument), Eye and Ear Department; shelves built in linen closets, diet kitchens, utility rooms of each ward, also in Medical Supply and Quartermaster Departments; furniture for nurses' and officers' quarters; remodeling of commanding officers' office in Administration Building; nurses' and officers' mess hall remodeled. In this latter work the very necessary accommodations were obtained for rest and recreation rooms. Owing to the great stress of work of the early months, no time could be spared for anything outside the absolute necessities, to enhance the working value of the unit, but with the lessening of this strain in the early part of December, the above alterations were begun.

An attractive rest room was built for the nurses' quarters, with open fireplace and window seats, affording a cozy room for reading and resting while off duty.

The officers' mess hall was doubled in size, an alcove fireplace installed with fireplace seats built in, upholstered in a dark gray cloth with red trimmings; a dark brown stain panel effect with the white trimmings above gave even the rough board walls pleasing contrast in colors; electric lights suspended from the ceiling, their glare subdued by colored paper coverings, aided in the general effect. It afforded a recreation hall for the various social functions of the unit, and brought a touch of home to the officers in their free hours.

In connection with the above, a plumbing detail in charge of Sergeant Kohlhofer installed the following equipment:

Two sinks and two lavatories to each ward with water supply and drainage; detachment bathhouse; one boiler for supply of hot water; six showers; three tubs and two lavatories; three tubs, five showers, and one lavatory for officers; patients' bathhouse, one boiler for supply of hot water, twelve showers and five tubs; patients' mess, three range boilers, four sinks, hot and cold water to each; detachment mess, one range boiler, two sinks, hot and cold water to each; nurses' bath, one boiler for supply of hot water, two tubs, three showers, and five lavatories; one steam boiler in the operating room for sterilizing purposes.

All of the foregoing construction was performed by the men of our organization, without outside assistance, and was in addition to their routine duties about the hospital.

AFTER THE ARMISTICE

With the signing of the armistice the strain of the preceding months lessened somewhat, although our wards were still filled with wounded and the routine work of the organization had to be carried on with the same regularity and attention to detail as formerly. But the bugle call announcing the arrival of hospital trains at any hour of the day or night became but a memory, and spare moments were now found for recreation and social enjoyment heretofore impossible to obtain. A rustic theater was built for the Center, an orchestra organized, and Top Side became the mecca toward which the various organizations turned their steps for many a pleasant evening. In our own organization the receiving ward was turned into a clubhouse for the men, and although lacking in heating arrangements the warmth of good fellowship was never found wanting in the gatherings held there. The officers' mess hall, the work of members of our own organization, as previously noted, became a center for dances and social gatherings, the recollections of which will linger as pleasant memories in the years to come.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

Christmas Day dawned clear and bright, and was a holiday enjoyed by every member of the organization. If at times a note of sadness or homesickness crept in, it was but the thoughts of those near and dear to us across the water and our inability to be with them at this time. Ashbrook has so ably related the happenings of this day that no word of mine could add to our pleasant recollections of Christmas Day in France.

On New Year's Day the officers paid their official visit to Colonel Skinner and Staff at the Top Side theater; and although not celebrated as a special holiday, our routine work was minimized as much as possible.

The one thought occupying the minds of each and every member of our organization was, with the advent of the new year, "When do we return home?"

THE LAST HOSPITAL TRAIN

On January 3, 1919, there arrived at this Center a hospital train carrying wounded German soldiers and the personnel of two German hospitals, Nos. 28 and 129, taken over by the American troops after November 11th, at Arlon and Virton, Belgium. This unit received eighty-three patients and seventy-four personnel. The cases were all of a serious nature, necessitating in nearly all instances dressings in the operating room, and in many cases requiring secondary operation.

January 4, 1919. The last hospital train to arrive at this Center brought wounded, transferred from Base Hospital 17, Dijon; Base Hospital 68 received fifty of these patients.

On January 11, 1919, telegraphic instructions dated January 11, 1919, reached this hospital, requesting that the Commanding Officer, Base Hospital 68, have other organizations in the Hospital Center take over patients and equipment:

(COPY OF TELEGRAM)

Tours, January 11, 1919.

Commanding Officer, Hospital Center, Mars, Nievre.

1283. It is contemplated to return Base Hospital Sixty Eight to the United States period request you have other organizations in your Center take over patients and equipment these hospitals period Instructions follow.

McCaw

(COPY OF TELEGRAM)

TOURS, JANUARY 13, 1919.

COMMANDING OFFICER, HOSPITAL CENTER, MARS-SUR-ALLIER

CONFIRMING TELEPHONE CONVERSATION, BASE HOSPITALS 48, 14 AND 35 WILL CEASE FUNCTIONING AS HOSPITALS ON JANUARY 15TH AND WILL CLOSE THEIR RECORDS AS OF THAT DATE PERIOD BASE HOSPITAL 68 CEASE FUNCTIONING AS A HOSPITAL JANUARY 20 AND CLOSE ITS RECORDS AS OF THAT DATE PERIOD.

MCCAW

The following is a copy of Special Order issued by Headquarters Hospital Center, subsequent to the receipt of the above telegrams:

Hq. Hospital Center, APO 780, AmEF, January 14, 1919. Special Orders No. 14. Par. 25. Base Hospital 131 will take over all patients and property of Base Hospital 14 on January 15, and all patients and property of Base Hospital 68 on January 20, 1919

By order of Colonel Skinner:

Lewis R. Decker,
2d Lt. San. C
Asst. Adjutant.

In accordance with the above order, Base Hospital 68 was relieved from further active duty in the Center, and on January 20, 1919, ceased to exist as a functioning organization.

DIARY

Officially the history of Sixty-eight should end on January 20, 1919, but for the benefit of those members who have been transferred to other duties, as well as to serve as a reminder in the years to come, to those of us remaining with the organization, I have felt that a brief summary of the happenings from this date until we landed on the shores of the old U. S. A. might be of interest.

January 5, 1919. 1st Lt. Samuel Parnass, M. C., relieved from duty to report to Base Section 1 for duty per par. 6, S. O. 146, Hq. S. O. S., Am. E.F., 1/2/19.

January 11, 1919. Capt. Walter A. Wood, M. C., transferred to 3d Army per par. 11, S. O. S., Hq. Hospital Center, APO 780, 1/8/19.

January 13, 1919. 1st Lt. Joseph C. Vaughan, M. C., transferred to Hq. 80th Division, per par. 16, S. O. 10, Hq. Hospital Center, APO 780, 1/10/19.

January 14, 1919. Capt. F. C. Tarr, San. C., relieved from duty to report to Chief Surgeon's Office, Tours, per par. 9, S. O. 10, Hospital Center, APO 780, January 10, 1919, and assigned to duty as Inspector of Sick and Wounded Records in Nevers district.

January 17, 1919. 1st Lt. Jacob Brobst, M. C., relieved from duty to report to Commanding Officer, 1st Replacement Depot, per par. 18, S. O. 10, Hospital Center, APO 780, January 10, 1919.

January 18, 1919. Maj. E. H. Siter, M. C., relieved from duty to report to Commanding Officer, Prov. Conv. Bn., at Le Mans, per par. 176, S. O. 7, Hq. SOS, January 7, 1919. 1st Lt. Robert Sory, M. C., relieved from duty to report to Commanding Officer, Camp Hospital 52, per par. 19, S. O. 13, Hosp. Center, 1/13/19. Pvt. Frank Austin, 806526, transferred to Hospital Center, Cannes, France, as Class "B" patient.

January 20, 1919. Capt. Jerome Kingsbury, M. C., relieved from duty to report to 80th Division Hq., per par. 1, S. O. 17, Hosp. Center, 1/17/19. 1st Lt. Aloysius D. Maby, M. C., relieved from duty to report to Commanding Officer, Advance Section, per par. 9, S. O. 17, Hospital Center, 1/17/19.

January 21, 1919. Capt. James W. Andrist, 1st Lt. Charles P. Lingle, 1st Lt. Claude C. McLean, M. C., 1st Lt. George R. Narrley, M. C., and 1st Lt. Milton W. Platt, M. C., relieved from duty to report to the Commanding Officer, Advance Section, per par. 9, S. O. 17, Hosp. Center, 1/17/19.

January 22, 1919. Lt. Col. Roy C. Heflebower, M. C., relieved from duty to report to the Commanding General, Advance Section, per par. 8, S. O. 16, Hospital Center, 1/16/19, and assigned to duty as Post Surgeon, Is-sur-Tille. Capt. William J. Circe, M. C., Capt. Carl Bungart, M. C., and 1st Lt. Thomas P. O'Connor, M. C., relieved from duty to report to the Commanding General, Advance Section, per par. 9, S. O. 17, Hospital Center, APO 780, 1/17/19. 1st Lt. Adolph J. Jole, S. C., relieved from duty to report at Tours, per par. 12, S. O. 17, Hospital Center, APO 780, 1/17/19, and assigned to duty with Evacuation Hospital No. 1, Toul, France.

February 1, 1919. 1st Lt. Chonner P. Chumley, M. C., 1st Lt. Oscar F. Cox, Jr., M. C., and 1st Lt. Paul W. Giessler, M. C., and 1st Lt. Henry A. R. Kreutzmann, M. C., transferred to Ambulance Co., 158, Romorantin, per par. 5, S. O. 26, Hq. Hospital Center, APO 780, 1/26/19.

February 11, 1919. Sgt. Francis B. J. Buttery, 2531745 and Pvt. 1/cl Lansford Leigh, 2531747, transferred to Tours per par. 4, S. O. 40, Hospital Center, 2/9/19, for duty in the Chief Surgeon's Office. Pvts. 1/cl Ralph Clayson, 2531899 and Lyle Vanarsdale, 2531759, transferred to Paris, for duty with Peace Commission per par. 25, S. O. 41, Hospital Center, February 10, 1919.

February 13, 1919. 1st Lt. Roscoe C. Jennings, D. C., and 1st Lt. Truman L. Stickney, D. C., and Privates Abram P. Shaub, 2531724, and Launce L. Flock, 1473280, transferred to Hq. Advance Section, per par. 2, S. O. 41, Hospital Center, 2/10/19.

February 14, 1919. Capt. Richard S. Pearse, M. C., transferred from detached service to United States, per par. 27, Embarkation Orders No. 36, Hq. SOS, 2/5/19.

February 16, 1919. 1st Lt. Israel Weinstein, San. C., transferred for duty to Central Laboratory, Dijon, per par. 166, S. O. 39, Hq. SOS, 2/8/19.

February 19, 1919. Cook Menillos Bassaras, 806530, died at 5.48 P.M., in Base Hospital 131, APO 780, from pneumonia.

February 24, 1919. Lts. Harry Conte, M. C., Leslie H. Ewing, M. C., and Sothoron Scott, M. C., transferred to Base Hospital 131, APO 780, as Class "D" patients to be returned to United States.

February 25, 1919. Telegram from Tours giving detailed instructions in reference to division of organization into separate detachments to different camps in United States.

March 1, 1919. Hq. Hospital Center, advance orders were received for the organization to proceed to Nantes. Capt. R. N. Severance, N. C., commanding, promoted to rank of Major, M. C.; 1st Lt. Shaul George, M. C., and 1st Lt. Alpha R. Sawyer, M. C., promoted to rank of Captain. Pvt. 1/c Eugene Gibbs, 2531781, promoted to grade of corporal per warrant Hq. Hospital Center.

March 2, 1919. Sgt. 1/c William S. Carpenter, 2531918, and Cpl. Eugene Gibbs, 2531781, leave for educational furlough at British universities.

March 3, 1919. R. T. O. advise that unit will leave 10.49 A.M. March 4, 1919.

March 4, 1919. Unit entrains at Mars Station:—197 Men, 5 Officers, Chaplain Gibson, and 7 Nurses.

March 6, 1919. Unit arrives at Le Pallet, Loire-Inf. Headquarters, dispensary, and kitchen established; billets assigned.

March 10, 1919. Barracks bag inspection, under orders of commander of port, leave little for men to carry home, unless the inspecting officer happens to have a kind heart. New game invented for such members of 68 as cared to play it: "Pack, pack, who carries the pack?" Name of inventor of this game somewhat in doubt, but it does not appear to be a particularly popular game.

March 12, 1919. Drill begins preparatory to official inspection.

March 20, 1919. Official inspection. The inspecting officer compliments the organization for its splendid showing.

March 24, 1919. Organization goes on priority sailing list, having passed all requirements.

March 27, 1919. Several "blind tigers" found loose in the village put out of commission with some difficulty, but no loss of life.

April 4, 1919. Ball Team of Base Hospital No. 68 defeats Base Hospital No. 23, champion base hospital of the A. E. F. ; score 3-0. Orders arrive to hold organization in readiness to entrain for port of embarkation.

April 11, 1919. Entrain at 1 P.M. Arrive at St. Nazaire at 5.30 P.M. March to Camp No. 1.

April 12, 1919. Physical examination. Organization given a clean bill of health.

April 13, 1919. March to Camp No. 2 for delousing in a pouring rain and sea of mud. Orders received to assemble organization on South Parade Grounds at 2 P.M., to be reviewed by General Pershing. One member only, receives special attention from the General, and converses with him to some length, while the Detachment Commander makes up his mind to cable home "Return to States delayed indefinitely."

April 14, 1919. Leave Camp No. 2 at 8 A.M. in a driving rain. March to Dock No. 1. Embark on U. S. S. *Princess Matoika* at 9 A.M. Unable to sail on account of heavy storm.

April 16, 1919. Sail at 4.30 A.M. Seasickness is the prevailing epidemic among members of the organization; Drummond and Riley the star performers, many others running them a close race.

April 17, 1919. Base Hospital No. 68 only organization on board to present a clean slate at inspection. Detachment Commander respectfully protests to Commander of Troops at the food being served his men. Is informed that probably his men have been spoiled (?) as to their rations previous to coming on board.

April 27, 1919. First sight of land, Cape Henry. Disembark at 11 A.M. March through the streets of Newport News to Camp Hill. Enthusiastically received by residents along line of march. Final delousing and equipment of men.

April 29, 1919. Final inspection.

May 3, 1919. Major Severance and Lt. DeGroat in charge of detachment, go to Camp Stewart for final demobilization. Leave at 10 A.M.

May 4, 1919. Captain George in charge of detachment leave for Camp Dix; Captain Sawyer and 12 men remaining.

As this last group marched away, it marked the final breaking up of an organization which had lived and worked together for many months, the severing of strong ties of friendships formed during that time, remembrances of which, however, will always remain as bright spots in our memories in years to come.

"For they were jolly good fellows,
For they were jolly good fellows,
For they were jolly good fellows,
Which nobody can deny."

A. R. SAWYER.

DEPARTMENTS

THE EYE DEPARTMENT

The Eye Department of Base Hospital 68 was opened August 12, 1918, in the Clinic Building. The equipment was quite complete, consisting of one complete case of eye instruments and a trial case of lenses and other accessories for special work. September, October, and November were the busiest months in this department, and the greatest number of cases of external diseases of the eye were cases of chemical conjunctivitis, many of them quite severe but only a few showing deep ulceration of cornea. The greater part of the surgery done consisted of enucleations. The department also did a large amount of refraction, the operations consisting of three enucleations.

EAR, NOSE, THROAT

The Ear, Nose, and Throat Department was formally opened on August 2, 1918, in the Clinic Building, where two rooms were set aside for that purpose. The equipment consisted of two complete sets of ear, nose, and throat instruments in addition to a number of miscellaneous articles, such as oil lamp, makeshift instrument table, etc. The main difficulty at this time was the absence of electrical power, which rendered all of the electrical instruments, such as transilluminator, sterilizer, compressed air apparatus, etc., useless. This defect was remedied in the course of a few weeks and by October the department was fully equipped and running very smoothly.

| | |
|---------------------------------|-------|
| Total cases | 1,287 |
| Total treatments | 4,570 |
| Operations: | 35 |
| Tonsillectomy | 5 |
| Submucous resection | 1 |
| Adenectomy | 1 |
| Paracentesis | 12 |
| Peritonsillar abscess | 15 |

In August and September there were two distinct groups of cases which required attention, namely chemical pharyngitis and laryngitis and ulcerative gingivitis; the former resulting from gas inhalation and the latter from an infection, usually the Vincent's bacillus. Both of these conditions responded very quickly to treatment.

October ushered in a mild epidemic of streptococcic sore throats, a small percentage of which were of the homolytic type, resulting in several deaths from a secondary lobar pneumonia. About this time appeared many sinus infections and acute otitis media following or accompanying an attack of the gripe.

The last month of the year, December, over fifteen hundred treatments were given, and this proved to be the busiest month in the history

of the department. The cause of this activity was the appearance of several cases of active diphtheria. By isolating the diphtheria carriers as well as the active cases this disease disappeared from our midst, allowing us to lift the quarantine on Christmas Day.

The period from January 1, 1919, to January 20, 1919, proved to be quiet and uninteresting. On the latter date this department was formally turned over with the remainder of the unit to Base Hospital 131.

LABORATORY REPORT

The equipment of the laboratory consisted of a microscope, a box of accessories (containing slides and stains), test-tubes, a blood-counting chamber, a hand centrifuge, a urinometer, and two alcohol burners. About December 1st a small incubator was added. Stains and media were furnished by the Central Laboratory.

Prior to the cessation of hostilities the chief work of the laboratory was the making of Carrell counts. Smears taken from wounds were stained and the bacteria in ten fields counted. This was done at frequent intervals. The Chief of the Surgical Service required two negative smears from a wound before closing it. In many cases qualitative examinations of the wound (both aërobic and anaërobic) were made.

Cultures of the nose and throat were examined for Klebs-Loeffler bacillus and hemolytic streptococci.

There were three cases of epidemic cerebrospinal meningitis. The nasopharynx of all contacts was swabbed and cultured.

There were several cases of empyema. Examination of the chest fluid was made in each case.

Urethral discharges were examined for gonococci.

The sputum of suspected tuberculosis cases was examined for acid-fast bacilli.

All serological tests, including Wassermann's, were done at the Central Laboratory.

In addition to the bacteriological examinations, routine clinical pathology was done:

1. Urine Examinations — both chemical and microscopical.
2. Blood Examinations:

- Erythrocyte counts
- Leucocyte counts
- Differential leucocyte counts
- Hemoglobin estimations
- Malaria examinations

3. Examination of gastric contents.

4. Examination of feces for parasites, ova and occult blood.

Several cases of diphtheria appeared on December 11th and 12th. On the latter day all cooks and cooks' helpers were examined for the Klebs-Loeffler bacillus. Within the next three days the entire personnel



Sterilizing Room

45877



Pharmacy



Mess Kitchen



Bacteriological Laboratory

45878

of the hospital and all of the patients were similarly treated. Carriers were immediately isolated and were not released until they showed two negative cultures. Sore throats were swabbed by the officer in charge of the Nose and Throat Clinic and the swab sent to the laboratory for inoculation, upon a Loeffler's serum agar slant, and subsequent examination. Whenever a case appeared in a ward, the entire ward was quarantined until all of its occupants were swabbed and the carriers removed. After a few days there was a decided drop in the number of positive cases and since December 24th there have been none at all.

X-RAY AND DENTAL

The X-Ray and Dental Services never functioned as such, because of inability to obtain proper equipment. This work was carried on for the hospital by the more fortunately equipped services in the neighboring units of the Center.

1st Lt. Leslie H. Ewing, M. C., Roentgenologist, and 1st Lt. Truman L. Stickney, D. C., Chief of Dental Service, were placed in charge of other departments; the former served as Admitting and Evacuating Officer, and the latter was placed in charge of the Annex of this hospital.

SURGICAL

The Surgical History of B. H. 68 began two days after the arrival of the unit at Mars-sur-Allier, with the departure for Chaumont of ten officers who were sent from there on surgical teams to the Zone of Advance, as follows:

Operating Team No. 35

Capt. R. N. Severance in charge

1st Lt. O. F. Cox, Jr.

1st Lt. A. R. Sawyer

Service with the 5th Division, St. Die

92d Division, St. Die

Evacuation Hosp. 11, Argonne

Field Hosp. 366, Millery, Metz Front

2d Team

Maj. H. E. Ross

First Lieutenant Chumley

First Lieutenant Kreutzmann

Service with Evacuation Hosp. No. 5 Chateau-Thierry

Evacuation Hosp. No. 6 Souilly

Evacuation Hosp. No. 9 Tauhecourt

1st Lt. C. P. Lingle

Service with Base Hospital 23

Vitel

1st Lt. M. Platt

Service with Hospital No. 12

Major Siter

Service with Evacuation Hospital No. 7

Meanwhile the appearance of two hospital trains at Mars-sur-Allier found a depleted personnel to care for severely wounded soldiers and three men were returned to the unit, Major Siter, Lieutenant Giessler, and Lieutenant Parnass.

Major Siter was made Chief of the Surgical Service, assisted by Lieutenants Giessler and Parnass in the operating room and Captain Bungart, Captain Kingsbury, Lieutenants Conte, Mabie, Narrley. Lieutenant Sory became head of the Eye Department and Lieutenant O'Connor of the Nose and Throat Department.

The plan, early established and continued through the history of the hospital, was to examine every surgical case in the operating room at the earliest possible time after its entry into the hospital. Patients requiring immediate operation were so treated at this time — all other cases were sent at once to wards, the more severe cases being dressed daily in the operating room until conditions cleared up to such an extent that dressing in the wards became a comparatively simple matter. Better results were obtained by avoiding the discomfort of carrying patients to the operating room for dressing.

With the increase in the number of patients, it soon became evident that the best results could be obtained by classifying patients by wards; therefore a fracture ward, jaw case ward, skin and venereal ward, clean surgery ward, and minor surgery wards were established.

An operating room force of three officers, two nurses, three anesthetists, and several orderlies made the work expeditious, and with six tables working, seventy-five to one hundred cases could be taken care of in a day.

On September 8, 1918, Lieutenant Colonel Halstead was assigned to the unit and made Chief of the Surgical Service. Captain Kingsbury was also made an assistant in the operating room at this time.

On September 9th Major Collins was assigned to the unit for a brief stay.

The surgical work under Lieutenant Colonel Halstead included brain and chest cases, aneurisms, counter-incisions for drainage, herniotomies, bone curettage, amputations, secondary closures, skin grafting, appendectomies, nephrectomies, eye enucleations, and plaster casts.

Antitetanic serum was given in the operating room to each case requiring incisions. Only two cases of tetanus are reported in this hospital.

The Carrell-Dakin treatment was used to a great extent in the treatment of infected wounds, with good results. Fresh solution was obtained daily from a general laboratory. Balkan frames, Thomas and Hodgens's splits afforded great relief to patients.

With bacteriological control delayed, primary closures were made ten to fourteen days after primary operations with a success of 75% to 80%.

Machine gun and rifle bullet wounds not infected were not tampered

with unless complicated by the involvement of large blood vessels or abdominal viscera. All such cases recovered.

When possible local anesthesia was used on chest cases, a one-tenth per cent cocaine solution for the skin and subcutaneous tissues and a one per cent solution to control intercostal nerves. Where a general anesthetic was considered necessary, nitrous oxide gas and oxygen were used. Gas and oxygen were also utilized in many cases requiring short anesthesia.

On December 27, 1918, the unit was deprived of the services of Lieutenant Colonel Halstead. Fortunately at this time the men detached for service at the front returned and Captain Severance was appointed Chief of the Surgical Service, continuing as such until the Unit was relieved from further active service in this Center.

P. G.

MEDICAL STAFF

Capt. Walter E. Wood, M. C., Chief of Staff

Capt. William J. Circe, M. C.

Capt. Robert S. Pearse, M. C., Neurologist

1st Lt. C. C. McLean, M. C.

1st Lt. Jacob R. Brobst, M. C.

1st Lt. Shaul George, M. C.

The organization of the medical staff took place as soon as our hospital was ready to receive the sick and wounded; the ward assignments were announced on August 3, 1918, as follows: Captain Wood in charge of Ward No. 9, Officers' Ward; Ward No. 2, Captain Circe; Ward No. 19, Captain Pearse; Ward No. 15, Lieutenant McLean; Ward No. 13, Lieutenant George. As the incoming trains loaded with sick, gassed, and wounded arrived at the Center, it was necessary for the commanding officer of our unit to provide more room, to increase the bed capacity, and take care in the quickest way possible to relieve congestion and provide beds, food, and medical attention to our men. Therefore, on August 8, 1918, seven more wards were added to take care of the medical cases, and a reassignment of the wards was announced; Ward 9, Captain Wood; Wards 2 and 4, Captain Circe; Wards 13 and 15, Lieutenant McLean; Wards 1, 3 and 7, Lieutenant George; Ward No. 11, Lieutenant Brobst; Ward 18, Lieutenant O'Connor; Ward 20, Lieutenant McNaughton. Ward 20 was designated and used exclusively for infectious and contagious cases. At this date thirteen wards were occupied with a capacity of fifty beds each, a total of 650 patients in wards alone. About this time ten tents were pitched back of the wards with a capacity of twenty-eight beds each. These tents were known as convalescent tent wards; not only medical but surgical cases were admitted here. Lieutenant Weinstein was placed in charge with Capt. William H. Johnson as chief medical consultant.

On August 9, 1918, Maj. Robert B. Preble (now Lieutenant Colonel), M. C., temporarily attached to this organization, was announced as senior consultant in Medical Service. On August 13, 1918, Lieutenant Samuel Parnass, M. C., was appointed Ward Surgeon, Ward 18, vice Lieut. Thomas P. O'Connor. Capt. Jerome Kingsbury was placed in charge of Ward No. 16.

During this period, or about August 20th, a Disability Board was appointed. Captain Wood, with Lieutenant Leslie Ewing, the Receiving Officer, and Lieutenant George were the only members of the Board. In addition to the regular duties the work of the Disability Board proved to be not only exacting but tremendous in operation. It took a great deal of time to carry on the work, to classify and help to evacuate Class A men and convalescing soldiers in order to provide more beds for large numbers of patients sent to this Center in subsequent months.

On August 22, 1918, new ward assignments were announced, according to classification of diseases: Ward 1, for severe gas cases; Ward 3, both in charge of Lieutenant George; Ward No. 11 for mild gas cases; Lieutenant Brobst in charge, Ward No. 13; Ward 15, Medical Cases, Lieutenant McLean in charge.

September 2, 1918, Lieutenant Joseph C. Vaughan, M. C., having reported for temporary duty, with our organization, was appointed Ward Surgeon, Ward 13, vice Lieutenant McLean.

On September 9, 1918, Lt. Col. A. E. Halstead, M. C., having reported for duty with our organization, was appointed Chief of Surgical Staff. Maj. H. D. Collins, M. C., reported for duty with Major Siter and these men were appointed assistants on the Surgical Staff. Up to this period on account of inadequate number of medical officers on the Surgical Staff, we were receiving altogether more medical cases to care for, but soon after the above surgical appointments some changes regarding the wards and medical personnel was inevitable. It was thought best to put all the medical cases in the even row of buildings, and the surgical likewise, so on September 14th Lieutenant Vaughan was relieved from duty in Ward 13 and appointed Ward Surgeon Ward 20, vice Captain Kingsbury, who was relieved from the medical service. Lieutenant McLean in addition to his other duties was placed in charge of Ward 13, in place of Lieutenant Vaughan. On September 19th Lieutenant McNaughton was relieved from Medical Service, and assigned to Ward 7 on the Surgical Service on October 7, 1918. Wards No. 2 and 4 were put aside for pneumonia cases alone and Wards No. 6 and 8 assigned for gas and miscellaneous medical cases. All told, we had eight wards designated exclusively as medical wards and two wards were placed in use for medical and surgical cases as the emergency called for. In addition, extra tents, eight in number, each twenty-eight bed capacity, were added to the medical side. Here not only convalescent cases from the wards were admitted, but the mild medical and slightly injured surgical cases were

received. Lieutenant George was placed in charge of these tents with Lieutenant Vaughan as assistant. It was during this period that the Base Hospital 68 Annex was opened. The call for more beds being so great, necessity called for expansion, so on October 17, 1918, Lieutenant McLean was assigned to duty in the Annex, the medical end falling in charge of Captain Wood, the chief of the medical service of the Base Hospital 68. Only mild and ambulatory cases were kept there, the more serious ones, especially the pneumonia cases, were transferred to the Base Hospital Wards.

As the cold and damp weather in France during the month of October and subsequent months caused so many cases of influenza and pneumonia, Ward No. 2 was exclusively isolated and used for influenza cases alone. Captain Circe was placed in charge.

During the months of October and November a few cases of infectious diseases developed. As I have stated previously, we had separate wards for pneumonia and influenza cases, and Ward No. 20 was exclusively used for contagious diseases for some time. Later this ward was put in use for other cases, the contagious diseases being transferred to contagious wards of Base Hospitals 35 and 14. On November 25, 1918, on the recommendation of the Chief Medical Consultant of the Center, all commanding officers of the different units were directed to instruct ward surgeons to examine the throats of all patients, enlisted personnel, and nurses in each hospital daily, and make cultures from the suspicious throats for diphtheria. These cultures were to be sent to the Central Laboratory for examination, the positive cases either active or as carriers were immediately isolated and treated as such; thus a general epidemic was quickly eradicated, and a few cases which developed in our hospital or elsewhere in this Center were checked without a general epidemic resulting.

The maximum number of medical cases admitted in August, 1918, were as follows: Gassed by inhalation and contact, 418; G. S. W. and gassed, 5; psychoneurosis, 122; gassed and psychoneurosis, 20; concussion by explosion, 25; exhaustion by overwork or exertion, 22; pneumonia, lobar and broncho, 7; mumps, 11; measles, 3; meningitis, 1; other diseases, 317; total, 949; deaths, 4. Two died of pneumonia, bronchial, caused by gas inhalation and contact; one died of lobar pneumonia; others of meningitis due to tuberculosis; admitted in September, 1918; gassed, 84; gassed and psychoneurosis, 1; concussion by explosion, 3; exhaustion from overwork, 5; pneumonia, 32; mumps, 5; meningitis, 3; tuberculosis, 1; G. S. W. and gassed, 5; other diseases, including enteritis, gastritis, influenza, inflammatory joint affections, heart lesions, etc., 175. Deaths: pneumonia, 7; meningitis, 1.

In October we admitted gas cases, 641; G. S. W. and psychoneurosis, 1; psychoneurosis, 11; concussion by explosion, 17; exhaustion by overexertion, 30; pneumonia, 114; mumps, 2; other diseases, 1,030, including influenza, dysentery, etc.

Deaths: pneumonia, 41; of this number 4 died of lobar pneumonia, 17 of bronchopneumonia; 10 due to gas inhalation complicated with pneumonia; 6, influenza with pneumonia, and the remaining 6 were surgical cases complicated with pneumonia.

Patients received in November, 1918, were: gas cases, 179; G. S. W. and gassed, 3; psychoneurosis, 2; concussion by explosion, 2; exhaustion by overwork, 19; pneumonia, 31; scarlet fever, 1; other diseases, 620.

Deaths: pneumonia, 8; peritonitis, due to intestinal obstruction, 1.

A study of pneumonia cases admitted and developed as such in our wards is of interest: 7 cases received during the month of August, 4 died, a 57% mortality; one man died two hours after admission; this man was severely gassed, being on the train almost two days and nights traveling. Another case severely gassed by inhalation developed pneumonia a few days after being admitted. At autopsy it was found in addition to his bronchopneumonia, extensive burns and excoriation of the air passages, burns of his larynx and air passages, were so extensive that there was little hope of his recovery.

The total number of pneumonia patients received during the following months were as follows: August, 7 cases; mortality, 57%; in September we received 32 cases with a mortality of 21%; October, 114 cases, mortality, 35%; November, 31 cases with a mortality of 25%. The mortality in the month of August was high. No doubt this was due to gas complication and the moribund condition in which our soldiers were brought in.

There was no special treatment carried on. Patients were strictly isolated as much as possible. Sheets were used in cubicals to separate one patient from another, and the attendants, including orderlies, nurses, ward surgeons, wore gauze masks, while on duty in the wards. White gowns were used as often as the laundry and working facilities would permit. All sputum and soiled articles were burned or destroyed by the usual methods.

No attempt of typing the cases was made on account of lack of laboratory facilities, due to shortage of laboratory men. No attempt was made to use anti-pneumococcus serum on that account. The low percentage of mortality, as compared with the civil practice, perhaps is due to the selective type of men we were dealing with.

GAS CASES

The first train load of patients received at our unit was on August 2, 1918; most of these men were gassed at Chateau-Thierry. All gas cases were classified according to severity; such as mild or severe, by contact, or by inhalation, or both. All soldiers gassed by mustard gas or similar group, causing burns of the skin, first or second degree; all other cases where air passages were involved were classified under inhalation. There remains a third class of cases where the gastrointestinal tract was the sole seat of injury; all such cases were diagnosed

as gastritis or enteritis, or both. Most of these cases presented the symptoms of acute arsenical poisoning, the presumption being that possibly arsenical compounds were mixed with certain gas mixtures.

Burns caused by gas contact were treated on general principles. Wet boric acid dressing gave good results; during the acute stages no oily preparations were used. We were unable to use ambrine, because none was available at this Hospital Center. I mention this only because it was understood that ambrine was used at some other centers but not at Mars-sur-Allier.

It was the privilege of the writer to be in charge as Ward Surgeon of three wards of fifty beds capacity, all gas patients, and the good results obtained from simple treatment of these cases was remarkable. Good results were also obtained in treating eye burns. Many cases came to us in acute stage of gas inhalation or by contact, later these cases developed conjunctivitis or ulcer of cornea, in some cases a simple irritation, and many were admitted with advanced inflammation of the eyes. The routine treatment of these eye cases invariably was wet boric acid dressing. Patients were more comfortable and eyes cleared up more rapidly if their eyes were protected against light. This method was employed in subacute and in chronic cases.

Total gas cases treated during August, 1918, were 418; discharged from hospital, 269. We had only two deaths due to pneumonia, bronchial in type, caused by gas inhalation. Admitted in September, 84. Total treated, including those remaining from August, 231. Discharged, 130; no deaths. Admitted in October, 641; remaining from September, 100; total treated in October, 741. Deaths, none. Admitted in November, 179; total treated in this month, 602; deaths, none; discharged from hospital, 35; transferred to convalescent camp, 187; transferred to other hospitals, 48; deaths, none; cases remaining, 332; admitted in December, 1 case; total treated, 333; discharged, 78; transferred to other hospitals, 240; cases remaining in December, 31.

Beside pneumonia, gas, and contagious diseases already enumerated, from August 2, 1918, to January 1, 1919, 2,180 medical cases under one heading, other diseases, were admitted to the hospital.

S. G.

FAREWELL DINNER

January 15, 1919

Partee-toot sweet 68

MENU

Huitres

Potage à la Wilson

Filets de Barbue à la Dieppoise

Contrefilet à la Nivernaise

Poulardes de la Bresse Roties

Haricots Verts au Beurre

Salade

Riz à l'Imperatrice

Desserts

Petits Fours

Cafe

Chef Poulet Moulins

Toastmaster 1st Lt. Alpha R. Sawyer, M.C.:

"Nurses and Officers, Base Hospital 68: We have gathered here this evening for two purposes. First, to celebrate our six months of active service in the A. E. F. If any of you ladies have not noticed the gold chevron, please do not be so unkind as to speak of it. How different tonight is the scene as compared with that night of six months ago when we first set our foot on French soil! During that short time a great many events have happened — events which will go down in history for all time, and I think that we can all be proud to feel that each and every one of us has played our part in those events and played it like true men and women. But tonight it is also a farewell dinner, as orders have been received, relieving Base Hospital 68 from further active duty as a unit in the A. E. F.

"We all of us hope that the organization may be kept together and returned to the States intact; but there are those of us who know by bitter experience that the ways of the War Department are oftentimes mysterious, and that some of us may be obliged to defer our departure and remain on this side. I overheard Colonel Heflebower say that he knew of instances where an officer had gone into his stateroom and was taken off the boat. We are therefore looking forward to the next few days and weeks with mingled feelings. The friendships which we have formed have been strong ones, and I trust that they will continue to grow stronger in the years to come.

"Our organization has been different from a great many others. Our personnel has had its representatives from every State of the Union. We have not come from any one particular section, but we are all representatives of that great country across the water which we are all so well proud of. And it is for that country and what she represents that we are here in France today, that we have done our bit, and that we have tried to uphold the flag symbolic of justice and freedom to all. For, in the words of our poet, Wilbur D. Nesbit, it's

"Your flag and my flag,
And how it flies today
In your land and my land
And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white
The good forefathers' dream.

Sky-blue and true blue, with stars to gleam aright —
The gloried guidon of the day, a shelter through the night.

"It is hardly necessary to mention to you the first speaker of the evening. Our Commanding Officer has been with us since we organized back in Allentown in April last year. He has proved to be an efficient organizer, and he has brought results, and results speak for themselves. I know that we all want to hear from Colonel Heflebower."



HOSPITAL TRAIN

COLONEL HEFLEBOWER'S ADDRESS

"Members of Base Hospital 68: Seeing that each day officers and nurses are being relieved from duty with the unit, realizing that the chances of my returning to the States with you are small, and further, as we are to lay down our burdens in the A. E. F. within a few days, it occurred to me it would be wise to hold our farewell party here, in order that as many of the members of the commissioned and nursing staff as possible could be present and participate in the affair. It seemed especially appropriate to have such a gathering on this day, which marks the conclusion of six months service in France, and the appearance of the service stripes on the arms of the officers and men. I am also glad of the opportunity to meet the officers on an occasion when I will not have to use those expressions which you must be tired of hearing, namely 'this must be corrected,' or 'this cannot be tolerated,' etc.

"At a time like this one is apt to become reminiscent, and to look back over the paths we have trod. I well remember that day last April when I received my orders to proceed to Allentown, to organize, equip, and command Base Hospital 68. I confess that at that time many doubts and fears arose in my mind, for I had been engaged on a similar project for several months and the work had been most difficult and at times discouraging. Upon my arrival in Allentown there were but a few officers and one enlisted man. Then officers drifted in one or two at a time, but it was a month and a half before we received our enlisted personnel. In just a few days more than a month, after their arrival, we were organized, equipped, and reported ready for duty overseas, and a few days later received our orders to move.

"I think there were just two units like ours organized, both at first intended to be special units with but twenty-five officers. We were later changed into a general unit with thirty-five officers, but no attempt was made to balance our personnel, as had been done with other units. That is, instead of a preponderance of surgeons, we had few men rated as such, and instead of a minimum number of specialists, we had many. Then, too, we were unlike the Red Cross units, in that they were organized largely from men who had been connected with some special institution, and therefore well acquainted with each other, knew one another's weak and strong points, and had the traditions of the institution behind them.

"Our unit was composed of a number of men from all localities, and the enlisted personnel was not selected according to their qualifications. Many times I wondered how well we might function as a general hospital, but it was not long before I realized that there was a spirit of service developing in the organization that would carry it anywhere. It was a matter of intense pride to me to make the daily rounds of the good old ship *Leviathan* with the naval officers, in my capacity as Sanitary Inspector, and to hear the favorable comments made about the appearance of the quarters occupied by our men. This might

not have meant so much to you, but to me it showed that officers and men were doing well their bit, and my hopes rose. I was all the more elated when, on the morning of July 16th, I joined you at Pontanezen Barracks and found officers and men smiling and cheerful, although you had marched half the night in the rain, and the officers had no shelter but that afforded by those hedges in the muddy fields of that region.

"When we landed here at Mars, the first unit in the Center, you went to work with a will, and in very short order had put the unit now occupied by Base Hospital 48 into condition to turn to receive and care for patients. Seventy-two hours after our arrival we turned that unit over to Forty-eight and then began our work on this side of the road. Just a week later the first trainload of patients came to this Center, on August 2, and we began our real work. From that time until now our hospital has been full.

"We have had in all 7,414 admissions to this hospital, and of that number have lost but 111. Although we are rated as are other base hospitals, as five hundred bed units, from the first day of August to the thirtieth day of November we averaged 1,572 patients daily, and in the month of November we averaged 2,804 cases daily. Comparisons are odious, but I feel that we can justly be proud of the fact that this unit handled at least 1,000 more cases than any other unit in this Center. And as you well know, during these trying times, while we had a slight increase in the enlisted personnel, we had no increase in our commissioned personnel, in fact many of our officers were away. And further, while we were occupied in doing this work, we still were able to finish the interiors of the half-finished buildings turned over to us, to install the plumbing, to build roads and paths, and to do much toward making our hospital approach the ideal military hospital. I feel confident that we need bow to no base hospital unit in the entire A. E. F.

"I do not relate these facts in a boastful manner. I simply recall them to show what you have done. And I say 'you,' because while it is easy for a commanding officer to give directions and to say 'this must be done,' it is the spirit of the men and the way in which they execute those orders that accomplishes results. Then, too, had it been a mere obedience to orders, the unit would not have achieved what it has. I recently read an extract of an article written by a gentleman named Barton, which was published in the 'Inland Printer,' entitled 'The Second Mile,' and I think it would be well to read you that article, because to me it seems I could do no better than to christen Sixty-eight as the 'second mile unit.' Barton says:

"Show me a man who has made his mark in the world and I will show you a traveler of that second mile. The eight hours that his employer compelled him to go, he went gladly — and another hour or two, when no man compelled him. In that extra hour or two lay

his mastery. 'Many men spoil much good work,' said Edward Harri-man, 'for the lack of a little more.' It is the little more that counts — the added weight of work or service, born of enthusiasm, that marks the difference between little men and big. One mile of decency and honesty, and a full day's work the law and your own needs compel you to go; travel it bravely, willingly, happily. But do not stop. For at its end lie the borders of a richer, greener country, the land of love and of service and of growth, through whose midst winds the bright highway of the second mile.'

"I can well say, Barton, I thank you for that phrase, for you officers and nurses are 'second mile' workers. You not only always did what you were compelled to do, but you voluntarily did just a little more, and therein lies the secret of your success. We are a medical department unit back in the S. O. S., and you will not be cited in orders nor will you receive medals of honor, distinguished service medals, or *croix de guerres*. But citations appear in printed orders, and these orders are but paper, and crumble, and medals may be lost. At any rate they cannot be at all times with you. But you have earned and are justly entitled to a decoration that is not made with hands and that will ever be with you. Thieves cannot take it, nor the elements destroy it. Your medal is the 'consciousness of duty well done.' You have each and every one, officers and men, done well your part in this great cause of world freedom.

"Unlike the Red Cross units, whose personnel is largely from one locality, we can never hope for a reunion of the members of this unit, but if any of you are ever in the vicinity of an army post, I hope that you will inquire whether or not I may be there, and if I am, I sincerely trust you will call on me and let us live over together those days when we fought the 'Battle of Mars.'

"I am glad to have been associated with you and shall ever treasure the friendships formed. I am proud to have been your commanding officer, and once more I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for the enthusiastic and loyal support you have given me. As our paths diverge, and we go each one his own way, whether you stay in the army for a time, or whether you once more take up your duties in civil life, I wish you each and every one godspeed."

FROM COLONEL SKINNER

Lieutenant Sawyer then explained that Colonel Skinner was unavoidably absent, but he had sent the following message:

TOPSIDE, MARS CENTER

January 15, 1919.

Congratulations from the "Old Man" to Base Hospital 68 upon obtaining the well-earned service stripe. The work of the first arrived has been most excellent, and the record established is one you may well be proud of. My

very best wishes to the Commanding Officer, officers, nurses, and men of Base Hospital 68.

Very sincerely,
GEO. A. SKINNER.

Lieutenant Sawyer: "Every one pays the penalty for being a right-hand man, and although Colonel Skinner was unable to be present this evening, his right-hand man is here, and I am going to ask Major Taves to say a word to us."

MAJOR TAVES:

"Colonel Heflebower, Nurses, Officers, of Base Hospital 68: When I came into this wonderful room Colonel Heflebower met me and introduced me to Lieutenant Sawyer, and Lieutenant Sawyer said, 'Major Taves, you are it; you are down for a speech.' I looked at Colonel Heflebower and could get no sympathy there. When Major Seehorn came I expected Colonel Skinner to come, but later I learned from Colonel Heflebower that Colonel Skinner would not be here.

"I trust you will pardon a few personal remarks I may make of Sixty-eight, but, as some of you know, the officers of headquarters occupied the nurses' quarters of Sixty-eight before we moved to Topside. And I think we were there even after the nurses came. Another personal thing: when I was A. P. M., of course I got reports on Sunday morning from each unit, and I never needed to inquire about the reports of Base Hospital 68, for I knew they were always there on time. Then again, when I broke my leg, and Colonel Skinner asked me what hospital I would like to go to, I would not select one, but was greatly pleased when he said 68. I was put in the officers' ward there and at the end of a week I was out, and in ten days out in the side car. I had occasion to take a trip to Moulins to visit a French officer. He asked me, 'When were you hurt?' I told him ten days ago. He said, 'Isn't that rather wonderful work? Are all American hospitals like this?' I said, 'Well, I was at 68.'

"Headquarters is very sorry to have Sixty-eight go away, especially with the remarkable record for efficiency which you have. There is no question of that, and I know when patients were coming in fast, when the Commanding Officer expected Colonel Heflebower to say he could take 2,000 more patients, Colonel Heflebower always said 4,000. Sixty-eight has taken care of two units, instead of one, which in itself is quite a remarkable feat, and certainly headquarters is very sorry indeed to have Sixty-eight go away. But we are glad you are going home, and trust you will not be stopped at the base port.

"With reference to saying good by, there is something on the program about 'Partir Toot Sweet.' There is a very pretty French rondel which I will try to say very slowly for those who do not understand French well:

“Partir, c’est mourir un peu —
C’est mourir à ceux qu’on aime.
C’est toujours le deuil d’un vœu,
Le dernier vers d’un poème:
Partir, c’est mourir un peu —
C’est mourir à ceux qu’on aime.

Et l’on part, et c’est un jeu,
Et jusque l’adieu suprême
C’est son âme que l’on sème,
Que l’on sème en chaque adieu:
Partir, c’est mourir un peu.”

Lieutenant Sawyer: “Colonel Heflebower, as Commanding Officer of Base Hospital 68, has had his problems, and I believe that there is another individual here this evening who has had her problems. Personally I do not believe that Colonel Heflebower would want to change places with her. About the question of the army nurse and the question of the civilian nurse I hardly know what to say. I had an idea that they were an entirely separate and distinct species which I used to know back in the States. You know, whenever a medical student took his internship, if he finished that period without causing the superintendent of the nurses some troubles and trials, he was either very clever or else he was an awful fool. Of course Miss Magrath has not had to meet that situation, and thereby her troubles have been greatly lessened. Even with the officers departing ‘toot sweet’ it is not relieving her of much of a burden, even though the personnel of 131 is taking over the work, Thirty-seven is in such close apposition that there might be a little mixup. But putting all joking to one side, the rôle that the army nurse has played in this big game has been an all important one, and if it had not been for her and the work she has done, neither Sixty-eight nor any other hospital could have shown the results that they have shown, and thousands of men would have suffered for lack of attention which they have received. I am going to ask Miss Magrath to say something to us.”

MISS MAGRATH:

“It is the desire of the nurses here to express to you, the officers of Base Hospital 68, our sincere appreciation of all the kindness shown to us professionally and socially while in France. For months we looked forward to reaching our destination, our new field of duties. The process of mobilization was slow, delays were numerous, and our journey across a trying one. Finally we arrived at Mars-sur-Allier.

“Being in a strange land, working and living under conditions to which we were unaccustomed, by your efforts and your friendship you have always made the burden of our responsibilities lighter. Our Commanding Officer is most modest, so I will not try to praise him,

but I want to express to him my thanks for all his courtesies and the thanks of all the nurses for his interest in their comfort and welfare. I have never seen a military establishment conducted with such business-like precision, such snap, less friction and less small talk than Sixty-eight has been.

"Now comes the parting of the ways. It is almost time to say farewell. All the old men go home. None of the nurses being over thirty-one, we pay the penalty of youth and remain. It is not so easy for some of us to sever this pleasant relationship, and I trust that the time will come when we will be able to take it up again, back home, in civil life; and to those who remain in the service, we have that pleasant assurance, that if we live long enough we are sure to meet again at some other post, so here's hoping 'we live long'!"

Lieutenant Sawyer: "Somehow or other I had a feeling that I was going to get in wrong, and since I have stopped combing my hair pompadour, I see I am the only member of this outfit who is going to go home. It would not be fair not to give the nurses a comeback before we leave, so I am going to ask Miss Hines to say something for the nurses."

MISS HINES:

"To the Officers of Sixty-eight: We are here tonight on a joyous and sad occasion; sad because you are so soon to leave us. We shall miss the many pleasant evenings we have spent here in your lounge. But for your thoughtfulness we would have had many dull hours in the mud of Mars-sur-Allier. We hope when the nurses return from Germany we may have a reunion of Unit Sixty-eight and renew the friendships we made in sunny France."

Lieutenant Sawyer: "Several of our officers have already received their orders and are not going back with the unit. That has been definitely settled, and to them comes the parting of the ways with the close of this evening. One of our officers who has been with us from the beginning, a man whom we have all of us genuinely liked, and who has endeared himself to the hearts of every one of us, has received his orders to leave. We are fortunate that he was not obliged to depart before this final dinner, and I want to say for Lieutenant Sory that each and every one of us regrets his going. We wish him a quick return to the States, and before he leaves us I want him to say something to us."

LIEUTENANT SORY:

"Mr. Toastmaster, officers, and nurses of Sixty-eight: I wish to disclaim any reputation as an after-dinner speaker, but I would be recreant to my duty if I failed to say a few words to you on this occasion.

"One beautiful day last May an order from the Adjutant General requested me to report at Camp Crane for duty with Base Hospital 68. I started to make my report, and, like many of the reserve men, wondered what my lot would be. When I reported to the office of the adjutant of the camp, I found him busily engaged in conversation with a rather small but good-looking lieutenant colonel. He learned my name, and much to my surprise immediately advanced and in a very courteous, heart-to-heart way introduced himself to me as my commanding officer.

"And from that moment I felt that I had a commanding officer whom I could respect and revere. I might recall how on the evening of our departure from Camp Crane, on July 6th, our going aboard the ship next day, and our sailing on July 8th. Many of us spent much of our time the next seven days in G9 and H5, and on our arrival at Brest, on July 15th, had a memorable march to Pontanezen Barracks, where we pitched our tents under the spreading chestnut tree. I might tell of our arrival at Mars-sur-Allier, on July 24th, and our work in preparing the wards for patients and the real hard work which followed. But during all this period of activity I have found our Commanding Officer the same courteous, straightforward Lieutenant Colonel whom I met at Camp Crane, and I shall always be glad that my short military life has been cast with you as my Commanding Officer.

"But, Miss Magrath, that is one of the penalties of not being old. The officers of Sixty-eight have been to me as brothers and I assure you I shall always treasure the memories of my association with you. The work has been hard but through it all there has been a fellowship and co-operation which I have never seen before. Without the nurses' loyal help it would have been impossible to accomplish what this unit has accomplished. If any of you ever come to the State of Blue Grass, pretty women and fast horses, I want you to look me up, for the latch-string of my old Kentucky home will always be found hanging on the outside to any member of this organization."

Lieutenant Sawyer: "When this organization was in its forming at Camp Crane, there came to us among the enlisted men one who took up his duties with a thoroughness and a whole-heartedness that appealed to all of us. He came over with the A. E. F., and continued to do well his bit, and when the opportunity presented itself for his taking the examination for a commission, he passed, as we expected he would, and ever since he has shown that same spirit to do well his part. I call on Lieutenant DeGroat."

LIEUTENANT DeGROAT:

"This is very unexpected for me to be asked to speak to this assemblage this evening. I have greatly enjoyed every minute I have spent in this organization. I am very glad that I came into the organization

as an enlisted man, for in that way I have become a better friend of the men and of the officers. When I, with a friend, came to Camp Crane, and to Base Hospital, I found a very congenial personnel. I am very, very glad to have met the officers and nurses of this unit, and work with them, and whenever the opportunity affords I shall be very glad to see you at my home. I wish you all a successful and happy return to the States."

Lieutenant Sawyer: "One of the organizations which has played an important part since our advent here, and which has been most kind to officers, nurses, and enlisted men, has been the Red Cross, and I would like to take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation for the work which has been done. I should like to hear from Miss Robinson, of the Red Cross."

And Miss Robinson's response was conveyed in the following poem:

THE RHYME OF A RED CROSS WORKER

After four months of Mars and its mud and mire,
As a Red Cross worker in a recreation den,
I am indeed in a position at last to confess
Exactly which virtues such a worker should possess:
The meekness of Moses, the patience of Job,
The wisdom of Solomon, the Queen of Sheba's wiles,
To carry her safely through her troubles and trials;
The longevity of Methuselah and Samson's strength
To defy Streptococcus, "Spanish Flu," rain at length.
Noah's knowledge of animals and floods she must get
To smile cheerfully at leaks which make everything wet;
And Noah's life with animals that two by two led
Had nothing on that of Buck Private's to pass en masse.
And since music has the power to soothe the savage breast
The musical powers of David must be added to the rest.
And such a motley mob of all nations and creeds
The democracy of the good Samaritan she needs.
Also to feed the five thousand by a miracle she must try
When in the stores there's scarcely a Red Cross supply.
And when complaints pour in, from early morn till late,
She needs rays of light from St. Peter's gate.
But since she must cope with tape and French stoves as well,
She longs — oh, how she longs — for the fiery flames of hell.
She must secure all supplies, not to be bought with money,
By the use of fudge, smiles, and flattery like honey.
And like a Salome, she must be able to dance,
All the C. O.'s, Q. M.'s, and K. P.'s, to entrance.
Now with all these qualities she must absolutely be endowed,
Or else by her work she's cheered or cowed.
But when beside she is asked to orate like St. Paul,
To entertain guests at the banquet hall,



COLONEL SKINNER AND MAJOR TAVES

She feels it incumbent an apology to render
And thank Base Sixty-eight for the kindness they extend her.
She knows her shortcomings, she tried to do her best,
And thanks all for their help, in work and play
And trusts to meet them in God's land, the U. S. A.

MARY V. ROBINSON, A. R. C.

ENLISTED MEN'S BANQUET, JANUARY 16, 1919

Sgt. 1st C. William S. Carpenter, Toastmaster:

"It is particularly fitting that we should come together for a final banquet. And men do not make joyous feasts after they have failed in a great struggle, but such a gathering can only betoken success. That we have been successful, there are multitudes of statistics to show, which you will doubtless hear; there have been compliments showered on us by others, but it seems to me we do not need evidence like that, — we can see it right in this camp which we have caused to blossom from a few scattered, half-finished buildings, into a hospital which is not only habitable but also comfortable. We have been able to greet it day by day, in the faces of those thousands of soldiers who have gone forth from this place restored to health through the efficient work of this unit.

"There is one officer present tonight who was not with us during the greater part of our service over here, but who helped to lay the foundations upon which our success was built. Lieutenant Cox, our first adjutant, has been away from us much longer than we cared to have him be away, and we are going to ask him to speak to us."

LIEUTENANT COX:

"It was with a great deal of pleasure that I received your invitation to be with you this evening at this gathering, in celebration of the end of our six months of service in France, and also a farewell get-together, signifying the end of our service here as Base Hospital 68. I thank you for including me among your guests. Your work here in France I know only by what has been told me and by your records, but during your stage of formation it was my good fortune to have worked with you and I have become well acquainted with you, not only as an organization, but as individuals. And meeting you as individuals has added to my lifelong friends every one of you. Many times have I looked over those days we spent at Allentown; and when I think that I saw you grow from a nucleus of one man to the most efficient Base Hospital in the A. E. F., I am filled with pride and realize the fates were kind to me in allowing me the privilege of growing with you and of being one of you. Those days at Crane were trying ones for us all. There was much work to be done, and most of it work that none of us were accustomed to, but the way you men did things and the spirit you showed, was a very good omen that you would make good over here. Any organization of

men who can go through the hardships of our first night in France, with the display of good spirit shown by you and the lack of grumbling, could and would make good at anything attempted by it.

"I regret that during your four months of active work here I was not with you. I wish we could have worked together, but the War Department, which we all know has no sentiment, willed that I be away during that time. But I rejoice that I have been privileged to be among you again at this the time of our *fini*. There are many things I should like to talk about this evening, but I find the most important one, the one thing I should like to do best, is more than I can do justice to, namely, to sing your praise. There are no members of the A. E. F. deserving of more praise than you. You did your duty and you did it well. Most of your work was drudgery and the hours were long. There was not the stimulus of bursting shells and duels in the air, and yet day by day and night after night you toiled on, and with only a five-hundred bed personnel you did the work of more than a thousand-bed hospital. The spirit of willingness to do not only what was asked of you but a little more, I know will stay with you always, and will be greatly responsible for the success which I am sure you all are going to enjoy during your future lives. I congratulate you most sincerely for the splendid record you have made, a record to be envied by every man not a member of this organization. I shall be proud of you always, and wish to state now, should any of you come to the city of Boston and not get in touch with me I would be greatly hurt. I promise you a most cordial reception, Boston's reputation to the contrary notwithstanding.

"I thank you for your co-operation and your most excellent work at Crane. I will always sing your praise from the housetops for what you have done here. And now I wish you all a speedy return to home and dear ones, — godspeed and good luck!"

Sergeant Carpenter: "Since the 30th of November the men of Sixty-eight have had a chaplain. Prior to that time Base Hospital 68 had chaplains. In fact we had one who stayed such a short time that no one but the Commanding Officer saw him. But Chaplain Gibson, who came to us on November 30th, has had time for and shown great interest in Base Hospital 68. I am going to ask Chaplain Gibson to say a few words."

CHAPLAIN GIBSON:

"I had Jimmy Barlow write me out a speech to read this evening and gave it to Naldi to put some Italian dialect in it, but Dad Haines objected to the Italian dialect and I had to cut it out altogether. About six weeks from now, when you have gotten your \$16.00 or \$17.00 suit and a classy red tie, you will walk up to some soda fountain and put your hand on the rail and ask for an ice cream soda with lots of ice cream in it.

Some lad will come along and ask for a strawberry sundae. After he has had two or three he will start telling how he went over the top at Chateau-Thierry and how he dug trenches in the Argonne Forest. He will ask where you were. And you will not have to crawl into a corner. You won't need to be ashamed to tell them where you were. I know what hospital work is and what you have done. I know it is the meanest kind of work in the world and I believe I could go over the top a whole lot easier than I could plod around at Mars, getting up at one or two o'clock in the morning carrying in patients and then taking care of them. That service stripe which you wear represents six months of the hardest work a man ever was asked to do.

"There is an old word, *esprit de corps*, which means you all have the feeling that back home, I don't care whether you came from New York City or some little country town, — it is the best place on the map. Your mother is the best mother that God ever gave a man and you have the finest father and brothers and sisters that any man has. In the same way the organization with which you are connected is the best that ever existed. My organization, my colonel, my officers, are the best in the whole army. You can stick out your chest and hold up your head and say you were members of Base Hospital 68. Base Hospital 68 was the best base hospital in the whole A. E. F. Just one more word to you — the finest word that human lips ever uttered — God bless you!"

Carpenter: "The thought of *esprit de corps* must strike all of us very forcibly at this time. When the committee arranging the program told me they wanted an enlisted man, a private to speak to us, we found they had a difficult job. All of us came into the army perhaps under more or less compulsion. We were merely following the obligations of citizenship. But it is a remarkable thing that such a body of men can develop an *esprit de corps* such as exists here today. I am going to ask Private Gibbs to give us the enlisted man's point of view."

PRIVATE GIBBS

"I was asked to give a speech. That is beyond me, for I guess privates can't make speeches. Further, I am so full of turkey that it is hard for me to gobble. Base Hospital 68 was formed at Allentown, Pa., and there the enlisted men and drafted men were brought together and the unit was organized. There were men from all over the States, I might say from all over the world, for we have some from the country south of here. We were ordered overseas and left one Saturday night, which we all will remember. We got on the boat, where our chief occupation was filling our canteens with water and marching to mess. Outside of that we tried to keep from seasickness. We finally arrived at Brest and marched to Pontanezen Barracks, where the chief thing was getting on Sergeant O'Toole's water detail. I found Sergeant O'Toole's

entire knowledge of French was '*vin blanc*.' We spent our first night sleeping in the fields, with road apples under our heads and our feet in the mud. Corporal Thompson spent most of his time in the door of our car when we rode to Mars, so I didn't get to see as much of France as most of you did.

"After I landed at Mars, I saw a lot of France, — mud and rain, — but I feel that the work here has done me loads of good and that it did everybody in the organization good. It is wonderful how the officers and men have co-operated. We cannot thank the officers enough for endeavoring to make the work just as agreeable as possible and for giving us all the comforts possible in such a place and making it possible for Sixty-eight to make the record which it has — a record which is so excellent that none of us need be ashamed that he was in a Base Hospital."

Carpenter: "I suppose it is not very military to call the next speaker a regular fellow. But if I ever meet Lieutenant Scott outside of the army, I think the first thing I shall say is 'How the hell are you? Won't you come in and have a drink?' I am sure every one feels just the same way about it. Lieutenant Scott."

LIEUTENANT SCOTT:

"Men of Base Hospital 68: I did not prepare a speech but I would not under any circumstances have missed this farewell. Sixty-eight has made a record which is something for which you can well hold up your head and stick out your chest. Each and every one is a credit to the organization. Your Colonel has done everything in his power to make life as easy as possible. There were things which you have been called on to do which you didn't like to do, but you did those tasks and you did them well. Colonel Heflebower had a difficult job on his hands. You were thrown together and the majority didn't know what you were going into. Base Hospital 68 will go down in the records as *the* hospital in the A. E. F. I have not much more to say, because I want to hear from our Colonel, but I want to say I am glad I was with you and I am sorry we cannot stay here together. We are losing our Colonel and ten other officers and things are breaking up fast. I hope I may see all of you again, and if you ever come near an army post where I am stationed, I shall feel hurt if you do not come to see me."

LIEUTENANT JOLE:

"I am going to pass the buck. The Colonel is here, and the former assistant adjutant is here, and they are going to speak. I only want to say I am mighty proud to have been with you."

Carpenter: "One lieutenant with Sixty-eight has gotten a reputation for receiving the ladies. Whenever any ladies come to headquarters, we immediately refer them to Lieutenant DeGroat. We will ask Lieutenant DeGroat to speak to us."

LIEUTENANT DEGROAT:

Mr. Toastmaster and men of Sixty-eight: Last night we had a little party at the officers' mess, and after listening to the speeches there was a lull in the conversation. Lieutenant Sawyer and Colonel Heflebower had a conversation and Lieutenant Sawyer began to speak about a lieutenant who came into the organization as an enlisted man and I knew I was in for it. After everything was over, I met Lieutenant Ewing and he said, 'Your speech was somewhat like the X-ray department of Sixty-eight.' I didn't just see what he meant, so I asked him to explain. He said, 'There was nothing to it.' So this afternoon I tried to write down a speech, but all I succeeded in doing was to jot down a few things which I didn't want to forget to say.

"I had been in the army over a year, and Bob and I got a feeling we would like to go into the service in the A. E. F. We made application, and several weeks afterwards we came to Camp Crane and met Colonel Heflebower. We came into the unit, and I have seen how you have proved that you can work together. I have never seen an organization that started with less training and did such good work. You have done a wonderful thing here. During all these months our relationship with our Commanding Officer has been something like the earth's revolving around the sun. It means something to have a commanding officer who can give you decisions and can help you. I have had five of them, and I know.

"I want to assure you fellows of my sincere friendship. If I can go back to the States with you I shall be delighted; and if you ever get to my part of New York State, I want you to look me up. There is a saying that the good deeds of a friend are engraven on our minds as upon stone and the bad deeds as upon sand. I think all of us have the memory of many good deeds engraven on our minds as we return to the States."

Carpenter: "There is one of our officers who has accomplished great things here. His efforts have contributed in no small degree to the success of Sixty-eight. The care of property in a base hospital is a large task, but Lieutenant Hamilton has done the work most efficiently. Few outfits have been better clothed, paid more promptly, or have had their material welfare looked after in greater degree than has Base Hospital 68. For this alone, credit is due Lieutenant Hamilton. I am going to call on Lieutenant Hamilton for a word."

LIEUTENANT HAMILTON:

"Fellows, this is decidedly a very happy and very sad moment of my associations with you, happy in the knowledge that I am here and one of you tonight and sad because this is the beginning of the end of our wonderful experience, our arduous but pleasant times at old A. P. O. 780. There is little that I can say at this time. It has been a pleasure

to eat in the enlisted men's mess hall, it is fine to be one of you, and I cannot but express my appreciation for having had the opportunity to spend these very pleasant few minutes with you. I thank you!"

Colonel Heflebower's response to toast was the address he gave at the officers' farewell dinner of the previous evening.

CHRISTMAS AT MARS-SUR-ALLIER, 1918

Show me the skeptic who disbelieves in miracles and I shall slay his blind unbelief with the mere illustration of any Christmas anywhere in any Christian country. The white magic of its blessed alchemy turns hearts of stone to hearts of flesh and blood; paints out the lines of anger, sorrow, and pain from our faces, and sublimates them with the kindliness of the great Founder. At Mars-sur-Allier it made all our personnel — commissioned and enlisted — brothers and fellowmen.

The night before the great Day we had our entertainment and played host to the children of Mars, Magny Cœur, and St. Parize. Sabots and black alpaca aprons were left at home, and dressed up in their very best the little tots came as our guests to see how "Les Americains" observed the sacred day. This is hardly the place to describe these children or their ecstasies, but it is fitting as a direct reflex of the war to mention their happiness on this the first unclouded Christmas Day in many of their young lives, or to note the wonder of candy for their very selves. It is probable that many had never known a sweet except for the acrid saccharin used to disguise the chicory which they politely called coffee.

But the *great* event was our own personal entertainment for our own personnel. Nurses, men, and officers, all crowded into the chilly Receiving Ward, but no one minded the cold. If toes and fingers were cold, hearts were warm; and when our men displayed their talents, hands warmed up too with the applause. Lambert, Willis, Bystrom, and Inman sang us a love quartet with original verses on Sixty-eight. Lieutenant Vaughan and Lieutenant Hamilton put on the gloves, and then Worth and Mack. Officers and non-coms had to come first, but of course the enlisted men gave the best show. David and Goliath, known to Sixty-eight as Jimmy Barlow and John Barrett, had a convulsive fight — the convulsions were in the audience. Jimmy couldn't reach Barrett's face, but he would slip between his legs and jab him in the back, and then his own inimitable legs would beat a strategic retreat with Barrett's number thirteen shoes right after him. Barrett would make a gesture with Jimmy, and Jimmy would gesture with his legs, and the nurses took their O. D. handkerchiefs and wiped the mirth from their eyes. Jimmy, of course, was victor, and Barrett's two or three hundred weight of defeat fell to the ground.

Louis Dapolito gave us some Pagliacci in his well-known Italian tenor and told in his impeccable East Side English the tragedy of the chauffeur who became a K. P. He had enlisted to snatch the wounded

from death — and they put him in the kitchen. Never mind, Luigi, before pneumatic tires were invented, your “Little Corsican” said armies traveled on their bellies, and he ought to know — he traveled farther than the kaiser.

Christmas Day itself was a day of relaxation. Early in the morning, instead of the impudent and irrelevant cheerfulness of reveille as executed (the word is used advisedly) by Colvin or Fleischer, we were awakened by the silver voices of our nurses singing Haydn’s ever lovely “Holy Night.” We hurried to roll-call and marched down to the Receiving Ward, where each man received THREE stockings, each one a hoard of nuts, candies, figs, raisins, apples, and cigarettes. Necessary routine followed and then a turkey dinner that Scrooge’s nephew couldn’t have criticized. It was a wonderful success. Not one man was heard to say, “When are we going home?” To dwell further on our great day is to paint the lily and gild refined gold. But we shall not forget it, and when the boys think of Sixty-eight and its Christmas at Mars, each one will say, “God bless us every one.”

R. C. A.

A. E. F. RECOLLECTIONS*

When this cruel war is over
And we’ve laid aside our hates;
When we’ve crossed the bounding billows
To our loved United States;
When I sleep in thin pajamas, —
Not in sweater, socks, and pants, —
I’ll think about the billet
Where I froze in Sunny France.

When I sit all snug and cozy,
And it isn’t any dream
That I hear the radiator
Hissing merrily with steam;
When the house is warm and comfy
Here’s an idea I’ll advance:
I’ll forgive the heating system
That’s all the vogue in France.

Arising in the morning
From a soft and decent bed,
With teeth that do not chatter
’Til they loosen in my head,
I’ll slip into a shower bath
And call to mind, perchance,
The bucket full of floating ice
I washed in while in France.

* NOTE: Name of author unknown.

I'll go downstairs to breakfast
 On grapefruit, eggs, and steak,
 I'll sit before a table
 And with zest my food partake;
 But while eating this in comfort,
 This budding poet grants,
 He'll think of those black bacon chips
 He downed outdoors in France.

Each morning when I get home "late"
 And meet the milkman on his round,
 Perhaps I'll recollect the days
 I woke to the bugle's sound;
 Stood reveille at 5 A.M.,
 Then made to mess a wild advance,
 Cleaned the wards, and all before
 The daylight broke in Sunny France.

THE NURSES OF SIXTY-EIGHT

When our country entered the World War, April 6, 1917, we were faced by the firm reality of our unpreparedness in almost every respect. The ability of the United States, however, to rally its forces for the conflict astounded the whole world, enemies as well as allies. But the fact is due to the co-operation of all the people of the United States, women as well as men. Now that the war is over and won, it is a well-known fact how large a part the women of America took in this war, and it is also another well-known fact that of all the women of America, individually or in groups, trained nurses were the only group of women who were prepared for immediate active service. They needed but the call to the Colors, and how that call was made and answered will go down in history as a triumph for the Medical Department and the Army Nurse Corps of the United States Army. The history of the nurses of Base Hospital No. 68 is an illustration of the service rendered by nurses to their country.

As we were raw recruits from civilian life, not knowing taps from reveille or the intricacies of military red tape, our initiation into army life was necessary. Before being organized into regular units for overseas service, we were required to have some experience in United States military cantonments. We soon realized we were in the army. We were stripped of all individual rights and privileges, but generously supplied with antitoxins, serums, and tests. Here we not only fought our first battle with germs and red tape, but mastered our first foreign language, the army vernacular, with its chow and pup tents, shavetails and non-coms, K. O.'s, Q. M.'s, and S. O. L.'s. We came through with flying colors, eager for the fray in France.

After much longing and expectation, the orders arrived for mobilization in New York August 20, 1918. From scattered cantonments and



KATHERINE C. MAGRATH
Chief Nurse, Army Nurse Corps, Base Hospital No. 68, France

forts throughout the U. S. A., came the nursing personnel of Base Hospital No. 68, one hundred strong—in every sense of the word. Varied were we in experiences, temperaments, ages, and sizes, but animated with one great motive. The good fortune of having as our new chief nurse Miss Katherine C. Magrath acted as a wonderful inspiration in unifying our forces. We had our headquarters at the Van Renselaer Hotel in New York City.

The time had come to talk and think of many things. What with squads right and squads left and battalion review; short cuts to becoming prima donnas and French linguists; measurements and fittings; photographs and fingerprints; questionnaires and equipments, we were in a whirl for four weeks. On September 12th we took part in the impressive service at St. Paul's Church in New York, the dedication of our Unit Flag. At last came the memorable day of our embarkation on a transport on September 16, 1918. We had an uneventful voyage across, with the usual amount of seasickness, but an unusual and unfortunate amount of Spanish influenza, and our duties began on shipboard, where we cared for victims of the epidemic.

Our arrival at Glasgow, Scotland, on September 29th, was one which we will always remember. After the day spent in the cold squalls of the North Sea, and after the final submarine tension, came our first thrill of Harry Lauder's celebrated Bonny Braes of Clyde, so tranquil and yet so majestic in the still moonlit night. Never shall we forget upon our landing, our happy send-off from the Scotch women, with their luscious tarts and genial greetings, and the novel Kiltie band with its bagpipes. The trip through England to Southampton came to an end at five on the morning of September 30th. We were tired and cold and hungry. We were sorry to send eleven of our nurses to a hospital at Portsmouth, England, the following day.

With great anticipations and eagerness to begin work, we could scarcely wait to cross the Channel and to cross France to our destination, still a mystery. After a day and night in a French train (nuf sed!) with a gunny-sack of French bread, corn willie, and a few other delicacies, to sustain us en route, arriving in Nevers, we found we were not yet at our journey's end, but must continue in our old friend, "the Army Truck," to Mars-sur-Allier. The ride from Nevers on the tree-lined French roads and through picturesque French villages strongly reminiscent of Joan of Arc days, totally unprepared us for our new scene of duty, the huge American Hospital Center in the making.

Thousands of American people, rows and rows of American barracks, American contrivances of every sort, and "beaucoup" American thrift, but with French climate, French environs, and foreign laborers of every nationality—such was our first impression of Mars. Our next impression was that Mars was synonymous with Mud. There was mud, mud, mud everywhere—mud which we could not escape, try as we would.

But this was no time for idle impressions. It was necessary for us to plunge into work, to release the nurses who had been borrowed from other units. We knew that the war so long viewed as a romantic thing from the distance was now a grim, present reality. At first there was almost an inevitable depression, due to the hardships and horrors of war; but with trainloads of wounded soldiers coming in there was no time for personal feelings, but only a firm determination to "carry on." The illness and death of ten of our good nurses almost took the heart out of us, but the need for service was so pressing that, in spite of our sorrows, we had to be "soldiers." The days of October and November we shall never forget, when thousands of men poured in and out with bewildering rapidity. But it was war.

Just as we were prepared for a winter of endurance, came the sudden cessation of hostilities by the signing of the armistice, November 11, 1918. With the dissipation of the war clouds came almost symbolically the sunny days which followed. Although the sunshine was only temporary, and we were plunged into seven weeks of rain, we did not mind the external gloom, because happiness abounded and the lightening of the work permitted the unexpected indulgence in social activities.

The officers' recreation room sprang up magically almost over night, like a rose in a desert. Dances and dinners followed, once again we became gay and carefree, blossoming forth into white, and debonairly revealing the red lining of our capes. The officers who had been such stanch working partners proved themselves equally gallant as dancing partners. We also had the pleasure of often being entertained at the Officers' Club of the Motor Transport Corps, located at a beautiful chateau at Verneuil.

As all things have a beginning, so all things have an end. With the order of Base Hospital No. 68 to evacuate Mars there was aroused in every one an expectancy of "Home, Sweet Home." But though hope springs eternal in the human breast, it is also dashed just as frequently. We soon discovered this. Instead of receiving debarkation orders, in one short week we found our unit was slashed to pieces. Officers were sent right and left to unpronounceable places in France and Germany, almost without warning; nurses were whisked hither and thither, and we were all consumed with a great anxiety and curiosity of what our future fate in France held for us. On Sunday, January 19, 1919, we realized the poignant fact that all there was left for good old Unit No. 68 to say was "*C'est fini.*"

A. M. W.

Eighty-seven of the nurses, Army Nurse Corps, arrived for duty at this hospital on October 4, 1918. Thirteen nurses and one dietitian belonging to this unit were left sick, eleven nurses and one dietitian in England, and two nurses in Le Havre. Subsequently six of the nurses rejoined this unit for duty.

In Memoriam

Our happiness in returning to America was tempered with one solemn thought. Three of our comrades had been left in the American Cemetery at Mars-sur-Allier. Pneumonia had taken its toll of us, and three times did our unit follow the mournful music of the "Funeral March," when first Joseph H. Schulte, then Moses Jones, and, finally, Menillos Bassaros, were carried to the place of that long sleep which must claim us all.

Every man felt the regret that these comrades who had shared our joy in sailing for France, to do our little part for Freedom, could not be spared to share the joy of our home-coming. But it is for us, the living, to hope that as good and as honorable a death awaits us, and that when at last the Grim Reaper appears, he will find us in as glorious a service as that in which he found our three comrades.

The following-named nurses died in England: Alice Murphy, October 7, 1918; Lucinda Rose, October 9, 1918; Dietitian Cara Keech, October 17, 1918; Genevra Robinson, October 22, 1918; Grace Copland, October 31, 1918.

The following nurses died at this hospital: Mary Burke, October 5, 1918; Henrietta Drummond, October 10, 1918; Grace Micheau, October 28, 1918; Gladys N. Lyon, December 19, 1918; Nora E. Anderson, January 16, 1919.

OUR ENLISTED MEN

FOREWORD

This is a brief biography of some American men who were grouped together by the accident of war; who traveled three thousand miles from home to a foreign land as a Base Hospital Unit; who writhed under the strange yoke of military discipline; whose work, however humble or distasteful, was an important part of the service; who traveled in crowded cars on short leaves, and reported again for the daily grind of the hospital; who found themselves in the spring of 1919 tramping up to Camp Hill outside of Newport News between rows of cheering homefolk. It was a warm spring day and they were sweaty and tired with their winter uniforms and their packs.

"It is very nice to receive this cordial welcome," remarked one member of the unit, happy on American soil again.

"Nothin's too good for us," was the ingenuous reply of the hero at his side.

Letters, telegrams, and long-distance calls went out to many a home town. One exuberant boy telegraphed home "Debarked, deloused, delighted."

Then came demobilization, and in ten days Base Hospital Sixty-eight became a memory of the past.

OUR ENLISTED MEN

BLANCHARD M. AKINS, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Blanchard Akins, known as "Kid"; born and raised in Burton, Ohio. "Kid" never had a chance to make himself famous — biggest drawback being the town in which he was born. He was a dairyman and held the Burton record for milking cows; but I don't think anything he will do in the future will compare with his work as ward orderly. Long live Burton's hero!

WILLIAM F. ALEXANDER, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Bill was an incessant reader, his front hair executing a strategic retreat where brain pressure was not so great. Bill, like most of us, bloomed in a ward, where he was kept so busy inside, one could never see him at the door except on inspection morning, when he would peep out of the front door to figure how much time he would have before the colonel arrived to criticize the floor he had scoured or for storing utilities in the utility room.

ALLEN ANDREWS, PRIVATE

Andrews was ambitious for other than ward work, and the commanding officer finally gave him another job — on "the end of a pole." It is said of Allen that one night when he was on guard he shouted after the officer of the day, "Hey, Jack, where in hell are you going?" which language of course was not considered military.

ROLAND C. ASHBROOK, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Ashbrook was not a great deal in evidence at Mars. As ward master of the officers' ward he had a hard time holding down his job, being criticized by his unruly patients for trying to enforce the Colonel's commands and being criticized on the other hand for his inability to enforce them. Between upper and nether millstone he contracted a worried look that was removed only by the discharge of his patients. At the end of our stay at Mars, Captain Sawyer asked him to compile these biographies of our personnel; and oftentimes one could detect an unholy grin on his face when his comrades were picked for detail, which he sidestepped on account of these orders of Captain Sawyer.

"JIMMY" BARLOW, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

"For he himself hath said it
And it's greatly to his credit
That he is an Englishman."

And there's nothing to do but to take him at his face value, which is not the same thing as his beef value in pounds and ounces. 'Ell's bells! Jimmie, if you 'adn't 'elped us when we needed 'elp; if you 'adn't sworn with a smile when all

the rest swore with a snarl; if your abbreviated legs 'adn't taught us 'ow to 'ike physically as well as spiritually, where in 'ELL would we be at now? All Sixty-eight is indebted to you, nor will they ever forget you.

JOHN H. BARRETT, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Base hospital work was John's one chance to show how he loved his country, and when the examiner had shouted some whispers into his ear, Major Siter pronounced him physically fit. John was tireless in his ward work and many a man owes his life to him. He was also noteworthy for his ability to consume army rations, but what the mess officer said didn't hurt John's appetite.

BOYD C. BASS, Cook

Bass was a cook. No one disliked him for that — quite the reverse. Bass was also a barber and it is thought the mingling of these two callings gave rise to that quaint expression about the "hair in the butter." But Bass had precious little butter to work on and we believe this story is just a malicious army rumor.

DAVID B. BEAN, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Bean worked at fatigue and starred at carpentering and building. The precious buildings we called wards — well, it must have been plain gravitation that bowled over some partitions of hollow tile! Bean on the carpenter's gang went through the hospital, bracing this wall and demolishing that one, and no doubt by so doing saved as many lives as any of us.

RAYMOND W. BECHTEL, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Bechtel was so retiring that it is hard to say whether it was army life or married life which streaked his dark hair with silver. Yes, Bechtel is retiring, though a blind man could see how he worked in his ward. His leisure moments were unobtrusive, and were consumed in the inhaling of cigars and the exhaling of hot air in the form of arguments with his brother-in-law, Lloyd Eroh.

JAMES BECK, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Beck was one of our artists with hammer and saw, and his ability to meet our demands kept him busy. Beck put in a lot of time on the officers' famous ballroom, — that nice parquetry flooring on which dainty feet tripped the light fantastic in company with hoofs of masculine mould. The gang of carpenters didn't have to go "damn sweet" to the guardhouse. The floor was finished without a mar — except when an officer dropped a limonade bottle one day. (N. B. "Limonade" is a French carbonated substitute for delicious American lemonade and was very popular among our officers in France.)

CONRAD R. BENZ, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Benz had charge of Tent No. 21 and supervision of six or seven other tents. Besides our twenty wards with a capacity of one thousand beds, we had twenty-two tents with a capacity of twenty-eight beds each. It was due to these tents that the number of patients we handled was so tremendously swelled and made Sixty-eight a record breaker. Possibly it wasn't good hospital practice to carry a patient from a comparatively comfortable brick ward to a tent with a dirt floor, when he wasn't able to stand on his own legs, but Americans were falling in the terrible drives of the Argonne Forest and at St. Mihiel, and trains kept coming back to us with their bloody freight, and room had to be made. These tents, even if they were cold and cheerless, had comfortable beds with clean sheets and four blankets, and orderlies to help the helpless, and certainly they were better than No Man's Land, where many a comrade was lying in blood and filth and pain and stench unspeakable, with no comfort but death.

HERBERT H. BEST, PRIVATE

Herbie, our Pennsylvania Dutchman, with red cheeks and pleasant, robust person, joined us at Allentown. His army experiences were confined to Ward No. 11, where he did his work in a modest, unassuming way, characteristics acquired, no doubt, in his civilian calling of traveling salesman.

BERT BLAIR, PRIVATE

Bert Blair was Bill's brother and they stuck together, each one helping out the other in time of trouble. The very day we arrived in Mars, Bert began advertising the merits of Ohio; and I for one have always been afraid to tell him that Pennsylvania was the better State. Bert was too homesick to accept this unpleasant truth without protest.

WILLIAM E. BLAIR, PRIVATE

Bill Blair was a man whom every one liked and no one could keep out of hot water. He had a good, steady job at the incinerator; and if any one of the ward men tried to kid him about it, he retorted that his work was very much like theirs, except that he did business in a wholesale way, while they were only small retail pikers.

NELSON V. BLANCHARD, PRIVATE

Blanchard's career at Mars was a varied one; and he saw army hospital life from many angles. His final task was that of night orderly in the officers' ward. At this post, if he didn't become an expert in all the games of chance popular in the army, it is his own fault. If ever the officer of the day heard an excited "Come seven, come eleven," he took Blanchard's word, or the nurse's, that bed No. 7 or bed No. 11 was running a temperature, for which he would prescribe a sedative. But no O. D. ever learned that "Come seven, etc.," was a fever visited upon a devotee by the goddess of Chance, and proof against the pharmacopœia of any mere man with a caduceus.

LEWIS R. BOLEY, PRIVATE

Boley stoked for the sterilizer that cooked the cootie. Every patient's clothing had to be sterilized, that no guilty louse might escape, and we had over seventy-four hundred patients in all while we functioned as a hospital. You certainly did a wholesale business in France, Boley.

MORGAN W. BOOZER, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Morgan is a nice boy, but he thinks too much of Alabama. He says they have blacker smoke in Birmingham than they do in Pittsburgh; he swears the grass is greener in Mobile than it is in Monaco. While strafing the Huns at Mars Centre, he became sad. Some say it was because we were thirty-five hundred miles from Alabam', and others that the falling nuts (you know he had charge of our ward for psychoneurosis) got on his nerves. But his record speaks for him. His bunkmates affirm that all it took to get him out of bed in the morning was three bugle calls, viz., first call, reveille, and assembly, so we vote him a success and a tower of strength for our unit.

GARRETT D. BRYCE, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Bryce's army career was of varied activities. There was none better as a mixologist of malted milk at 2 A.M. — malted milk was popular here before the 1918 grape crop had fermented — and then as M. T. O. for Sixty-eight. Many a man who never deserved it got motor transportation to Moulins, St. Pierre, Luthenay, or Nevers; and Bryce became most popular and influential, kowtowed to even by second lieutenants who thought they needed a ride.

FRANCIS B. J. BUTTERY, SERGEANT

The initials B. J. always caused a lot of curiosity. Frank made a good record for himself soon after arriving in Brest when he so efficiently stood guard and terrified all the men with his stern "Please don't go out, because it's against the colonel's orders." At Mars, Frank never worked less than twelve hours a day, and everybody felt pleased when he sewed on his sergeant's stripes. The organization lost one of its most faithful workers and one of its cleanest men when he was transferred to Tours for further service in the Chief Surgeon's office.

CLARENCE L. BYSTROM, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Bystrom's civilian preparation for the duties of ward master was acquired by teaching school and studying chemistry. His facile use of the pen finally made him a clerk in the receiving ward; but he will be remembered best by the boys through his music. He played at funerals, dances, dinners, and whatnot. Before the fellows subscribed a fund for Sergeant-Chaplain Williams with which to purchase a piano, Bystrom pumped sweet music from an asthmatic melodeon, but when the piano finally arrived, we were delirious. We had a dance, and our hobnails pulverized the cement floor of the combination receiving ward, lounge

room, dance hall, church, of Base Hospital Number Sixty-eight. Thanks, Bystrom! Your tunes hereafter will take us back in reverie to Mars-sur-Allier, and we shall relive our army life in the mind's eye; we shall dash up "A" Street, hustle down "B" Street, swear at the mud, dodge the colonel or a mudpuddle, and come to with a start in civilian attire, with never a fleck of Mars mud to be seen.

DENNIS J. CALLAHAN, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Dennis Callahan, known as Dinney, the famous New York *Evening Journal* reporter and burlesque manager, has seen all sides of life. His reporting for the Brooklyn Police Headquarters gave him an experience which probably accounts for his fleet-footedness when answering calls of his patients and his ability to handle those who disobeyed his commands. It can easily be understood why Dinney has made such a notable burlesque manager. His pleasant and neat appearance would induce any theatrical manager to book his "Act" for an indefinite period. At the last meeting of the board of theatrical managers, Dennis signed Frank Naldi to his rapidly growing list of "acts."

THOMAS E. CAREY, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Tom Carey's blue eyes came from the Emerald Isle, and his native Irish kindness and sympathy put many a poor sufferer in Tom's debt, for Tom was one of the star orderlies in Ward No. 14. Tom tried to equalize this indebtedness at the Red Cross hut, where he was always to be found at a free issue of sweaters, chocolate, candy, or cigarettes.

WILLIAM S. CARPENTER, SERGEANT, 1ST CLASS

This erudite expounder of courts-martial was only a "simple soldier" when he left America with Sixty-eight, to make his dear country "safe for the Democratic Party." Unassuming at Camp Crane, he evidently mistrusted his maiden efforts to say "you" for "thou" and other vulgarisms overlooked in George Fox's lexicon. One day, on the *Leviathan*, emerging from "H5," the wind blew his hat into the sea, and the fervent "damn" of this occasion puts a period to his novitiate. The Colonel learned that Carpenter was a lawyer, and made him a sergeant, first class. No man was then safe. Men writhed on their bunks in fear of the morrow, sometimes rolling out on the floor, and then they would be court-martialed for the disturbance they made. But Armistice Day caused a lull in our terrors. It is a dream now, not the least fragrant of which is the cleaning of the Pontanezan Barracks at Brest. Hercules in his Augean stables had nothing on our sergeant there.

HARRY W. CATON, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Caton was officers' K. P. a great deal of the time of the Battle of Mars. Several of our sergeants found that their duties took them to the back door of the officers' mess, and Caton, with true Christian charity, sent not the hungry

away empty. This was daring of Caton. Once a luckless ward master in the officers' patients' mess had eaten their leftover chow, so that he wouldn't be away from his charges longer than was necessary, and he was told that a repetition of the offense would mean trouble for him. However, Caton's charity was well placed, for later he went on fatigue under his late beneficiaries.

OMER E. CLAPPER, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Omer Clapper prepared for his army career as a country schoolmaster, and during any weekday outside the schoolroom you could hear the oral manifestations of that good old ancestral maxim "spare the rod and spoil the child." He was made a K. P. and changed his motto to meet the changed conditions. Now he chanted "Spare the beans and spoil the boys." And the fellows, feeling that he was just an involuntary plaything of Fate, like the rest of us, forgave him his evil messes of corned willie and beans and thought he was as good a K. P. as you could find in the army.

RALPH L. CLAYSON, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Ralph was an eminent banker from the beautiful city of Buffalo, New York. To reform him he was made assistant to our various chaplains, and Ralph will never be the same man after having fulfilled the sacred duties of this office. Ralph labored for months under the strenuous grilling imposed by his chiefs until he was finally removed and placed in the bakery for recuperation. Here Ralph showed his real self by nearly wiping out the unit with a mess of biscuit. His absent-mindedness was the cause of the absence of baking powder. Ralph, never try to bake for your family or you will have to pay alimony.

JACOB COHEN, COOK

Jakie was our Lithuanian warrior. He cut our bread for us and he did it well. Jakie couldn't tell you on what side his bread was buttered, and for a very good reason. We never had any butter. What, never? Er-r-r, well, hardly ever. But I am glad of it. Tongue cannot tell where Jakie's waist line would be now if butter fats had been added to his diet over there. Jakie's cleanliness in the kitchen had a lot to do with having our kitchen pronounced the best kept and most sanitary one in the whole Mars hospital area. Jake, we are proud of you.

JOSEPH P. COLLINGWOOD, PRIVATE

In the A. E. F., Sixty-eight, was the unselfish hospital par excellence. We did chambermaid duty for our negro fellow countrymen at the Pontanezen Barracks, we fixed up Forty-eight's operating pavilion, we furnished chauffeurs for Mars Hospital Center, and three of our unit were attached for all practical purposes to the Mars engineers outfit as plumbers. Collingwood said the only pipe threads he didn't smear with white lead in the Mars area were the leaky ones that Sergeant Kohlhofer subsequently patched up with a mixture of strong words and pipe joint cement.

JOHN B. COLVIN, BUGLER

John was one of our prize brace of Buglers. John never swanked about his audiences in the States, but no one ever blamed him for that. Everybody liked to hear him blow taps; and even if his lip did slip an octave, we knew what he meant, and when one had one's ears stopped up with blankets it really sounded sweet. But everybody hated John at 3 A.M. when he blew the damn thing to call us out for a train from the front. It was sure to be raining and the day before had always been an exhausting one. John was the Colonel's orderly too.

JOHN J. CONNELL, PRIVATE

Any man in our outfit, had you asked him, would have told you his was the hardest job. Connell spent most of his army life on the fatigue gang and was ready with this assertion. The fatigue was no sinecure. Was there a ditch to be dug, freight to be unloaded, roads to be built, supplies to be hauled, dirt to be collected and removed, a sick detachment man's position to be held, the fatigue squad was always there; and it was very noticeable in Sixty-eight that these details were rather better handled than by our neighboring units. They were not pleasant tasks but they were well done. Connell had one period of relief from this when he was made headquarters orderly.

EDWARD J. CONSIDINE, SERGEANT, 1ST CLASS

Considine used to be a traveling salesman and brought into the service the amenities of that breezy profession. His flashing eye and his Celtic temper attracted our Colonel's attention and he made him our Mess Sergeant. Later he was given an outdoor job in charge of our fieriest spirits. Here Con's executive genius won general applause from the whole feminine world of Mars, both American and French. And feminine applause is very dear to his heart.

ALBERT COONS, SERGEANT, 1ST CLASS

At Camp Crane, in the little Q. M. side room, a buck passed out a pair of shoes to each Sixty-eight man; then we stood at attention by our cots while the adjutant inspected us to see if we had received the shoes. We had. And we were marched in them to the oval for drill, leaving this particular buck telling Lieutenant Hamilton that some of the men were kicking because their number six feet were put in number eight shoes. For three weeks he repeated this process, only varying the articles issued, e.g., ponchos, tent pins, dog tags, medical belts, leather pack thongs, etc. Then one night we left Camp Crane, and our friend Coons was with us with a sergeant's chevrons. He was our Quartermaster Sergeant. And the reader of these biographies should express his indebtedness to Coons, whose interest and hard work in this task made them actually a fact instead of a dream. Colonel Heflebower conceived the idea that the work of our unit should be preserved in black and white for our own glory and posterity's pride. Like the capable officer he was, he passed the buck and told Captain

Sawyer to attend to it. The captain was no less capable; the responsibility for the accounts of officers and nurses could not be passed on, nor the history of the organization, but as for the enlisted personnel the buck was again passed to Sergeant Coons. No one ever questioned his efficiency and he passed the buck to Private Ashbrook. Ashbrook interviewed, compiled, and sweated until the work was done. If the members of the unit don't like his stories he proposes to pass the buck and say that he did not know anything about it but somebody just told him.

GEORGE D. CUNLIFFE, JR., PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Cunliffe finished as a Q. M. man, but he began his career in France as a super-concrete mixer. All his civilian experience had been in mixing cements, but he made a mistake here and mixed the Colonel's concrete ideas and the Colonel put him in blues. Alas, poor George! George's services at the Q. M. were efficient and satisfactory, but it certainly did tax the patience of a line of Doughboys to be held up while a nurse drew a pair of O. D. breeches, especially when she had been in the day before to draw an O. D. shirt.

LOUIS DAPOLITO, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Louie used to charm Manhattan's "Little Italy" with a tenor that harmonized with the song of the little "Tin Lizzie's" four cylinders. It must be a great cause to call any Italian from the shores of the Hudson, but Louie heard that call in D'Annunzio's clarion tones, and enlisted as an ambulance driver. All the gasoline Louie ever used in France was to take the grease spots out of his pants, for Louie was our musical K. P. and this paper is to warn his friends that if he ever brags of being hit over there, it was probably by a plate or salt-cellar, when our temperamental ears were assailed with a volunteer aria from his beloved Pagliacci.

HARRY H. DARST, PRIVATE

Darst was night orderly for most of the time and could a tale unfold of the pleasures of retiring at 9 A.M. and rising at sunset. Officially Sixty-eight never gambled (it was forbidden), but the barracks where the night men slept was a temple of the goddess of Chance, and — well, Harry didn't go in for this sort of thing, but the noise incident to gambling hells makes sleep difficult—and Harry suffered. The biographer made several efforts to interview Darst as to his labors in France, but each time friend Steinman intervened with a previous date, so his history was never written; however, this interruption gave rise to a pertinent question: Was Steinman Darst's shadow or was Darst Steinman's shadow?

LAWRENCE DAYTON, PRIVATE

Before he was caught in the draft, Dayton used to drive a bread wagon, and the experience he acquired in this position seems to have qualified him to become cook for the officer patients' mess. This was certainly a thankless job, and if

Dayton didn't have three kicks a day for breakfast, dinner, and supper, he would begin to think something was wrong. Ward No. 9 became known as "Dayton's Misery" and its inmates as "Dayton's Babies." These officers paid every day, for sustenance, five francs forty-five centimes, a fact of which poor Dayton was reminded at every meal, and he did his best to give them their money's worth with gravy on the side. The ward orderlies thought that he had succeeded nobly, because as they rushed pies, fruits, doughnuts, and other dainties from the kitchen to the ward, they stood in imminent danger of being mobbed by the hungry doughboy patients who were lined up outside with their *knives* and meat plates waiting for their soup.

JACOB S. DERR, PRIVATE

Jake Derr, of East Greenville, Pennsylvania, prepared himself for the arduous task of mule skinner by working in a garage, in civil life. He understood the anatomy of a mule perfectly. When you tried to tease him he would smile and say, "Giddap, Mustache," and away he would go!

JOSEPH DICRISTOFER, PRIVATE

Dicristofer is a good fellow who loves the pursuits of peace much more than those of war. He was a mighty good K. P. from the very start, having prepared for army life by slinging hash in his father's hostelry. Joseph is a son of Italy, but he is more loyal to his adopted country, and waves the Stars and Stripes in Niles, Ohio.

WILLIAM DOBBS, Cook

Dobbs was our chief cook. He toiled hard at this task throughout his whole military career, dispensing corned willie, beans, tomatoes, and macaroni, the latter served in a way to suggest the results of a very successful vermifuge prescription. The ignorant outsider must know that a cook or a K. P. hasn't the moral courage to dispense beans, etc., if he lives on them himself, and when we embarked for home on the *Princess Matoika*, Dobbs naturally gravitated to the officers' mess. Right here it may be apropos to mention the general feeling of the boys on this boat, to the effect that either the mess officer was rapidly growing rich or else he was an imbecile incompetent. We had lots to eat but very little that was fit to eat; so, after breakfast, when we had dumped our ration of malodorous slum into the slop and gone away hungry, we would supplement our army meal with something decent at the canteen.

JOSEPH L. DORRINGTON, CORPORAL

Dorrington kept in the ranks with us other bucks for a long time, but one day he carried his mess kit to the head of the line and we all recognized a new non-com. His two stripes never dizzied him and he remained the same quiet, hard worker. But one fancied he cherished a faithful conviction under the surface, of the eminence, if not of the corporal, at least of the corporal's city, for Dorrington came from Boston. He worked in the registrar's office, and every one thought his buffer's job warranted this promotion.

BERNARD J. DOUGHERTY, PRIVATE

From Bernard's demure look one could never guess what awful archives he kept. Bernard was responsible for the records of all the operations in the operating pavilion, their nature and the names of the victims. He looked like a choir boy in his pajama jacket, and stuck to this post from the very beginning. Between whiles he and Grove worked together cleaning up, and these two always insisted that they were the hardest worked men in the unit; but we all claimed that distinction, so too much importance need not be attached to it.

RAY E. DOUGLAS, SERGEANT

No one ever understood why Arlie Perdue lost out at the morgue. Arlie was a civilian undertaker. Douglas was a civilian clerk. But in Sixty-eight when you thought of the "Dead March" you thought of Douglas, for he was our official undertaker. We can thank Providence and our ward surgeons that this work never exhausted Douglas, for he did not average over one funeral a day. Not bad for a hospital which was receiving mangled humanity from the battlefields of France.

GORDON B. DRAKE, COOK

Gordon Drake never saw the light of day in France except when he wanted a clean pair of overalls from the Q. M., or went to draw his pay. Gordon was night cook from the very first to the very last, and his broad smile was always there to greet the grouchy guard or the ossified orderly who would run across to the kitchen for his midnight mess.

SYDNEY D. DRAKE, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Sydney worked hard under his task and ward master, Jimmy Barlow. Everybody knew of his activities, as it was his rule to make morning reports at Corporal Dugan's rest camp in the laundry while awaiting that officer's pleasure in the matter of clean linen. Then, after taps, Sydney would make a full report of the afternoon's affairs. We could never go to sleep until Sydney's tenor voice would ask Jimmy Barlow across the barrack room, "Jimmy, how — — are you?" Jimmy would finish the formula and then there was rest until reveille.

HUGH J. DRUMMOND, SERGEANT, 1ST CLASS

Our amiable "top," Hugh J. Drummond, left the Hoosier State for Camp Green and then Camp Crane, where his "made-to-rule" personality at once assumed responsibility for the crimes of us "bucks." The "top's" main duty was to see that every man had something to do, whether he did it or not; and the worst of not doing it was the "top's" savage bark, if he found you loafing around the corner with a cigarette. But "Sarge's" bark was always worse than his bite. Statistics show that "Sarge" turned in remarkably few A. W. O. L.'s, and, judged from his records, our unit would appear exemplary. Those who knew our boys feared they had more red blood in their veins than good discipline could desire. But you couldn't blame Hugh for not reporting our little infractions. How could a top sergeant attend to his many duties at Moulins, Vichy, and Paris, and at the same time worry over picayune camp details?

ELMER E. DUGAN, CORPORAL

Elmer Dugan, known to the men as "Irish," made good in the army. Elmer rose from the ranks, being first a mere buck private and finally a corporal. He made his name in the army as a laundryman, handing out bath towels, hand towels, sheets, pillow cases, and pajamas to the ward orderlies. These men belonged to our leisure classes, but they were subdivided into two other classes, viz., those he liked and those he disliked. Dugan stayed conscientiously at his post except when the laundry at Nevers had broken down, which was most of the time, and the deuce of it was that our nurses, in their sweet innocence, never suspected that clean linen came from a functioning laundry, and so regularly, regardless of these conditions, they insisted on changing sheets, even if the soiled ones had been on the beds for only a month. Elmer is a conductor on the Pennsylvania Railroad and can probably be found at this very moment calling out station stops on the New York Division to Philadelphia.

DOUGLAS H. EADIE, SERGEANT, 1ST CLASS

Douglas Eadie had a fierce job. He was non-com in charge of the operating pavilion, and he had to be nice to two lieutenant colonels. Besides his other jobs, he was chief anesthetist, and had supervision of the sterilizer, the operating-room nurses, and orderlies. He was a diplomat; and when he was calling down the nurses he did it so gently they thought they were being flattered. Eadie was master of that professional *sang froid* and merciful callousness that can disregard an anesthetized patient's struggles. It made some of the fellows turn white when Eadie plied the ether and the surgeons probed into lungs, stomachs, bowels, and even brains, while the unconscious subject fought and screamed delirious nothings. Yes, Eadie had to do real work. And that his sergeant's chevrons survived the storms and arrows speaks well for his ability.

JOHN D. EASLEY, PRIVATE

Easley, like a true son of Mississippi, loved to chew the fragrant weed, and between quids, as it were, offered gratuitous remarks to Foglesong. Easley, like a good soldier, loved to growl about his work in the army, as, for example, "First we policed up for those niggers at Brest, then we get Forty-eight's hospital all set up for them before they arrive, and now that they have gone we've got to clean up the mess they've left." John conceded the army wasn't so rotten, but he certainly did object to doing somebody else's work.

BERNARD ELOWSKY, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Elowsky received more feminine literature in France than any of the rest of us, which made him the envy of all, until it was recalled that he sold corsets in civilian days and then we were satisfied. For these epistles, instead of love sonnets, were points on feminine curves for the pliant whalebone. Berny was Perdue's close second in wrathful arguments over nothing, but between whiles he acted as ward master in Ward 15, a hard surgical ward, where he did good work under Lieutenant Parnass. When the boys were starving for sweets, he endeared himself to all by being able to purchase chocolate in bulk.

JOSEPH G. ENGEL, PRIVATE

Engel came to us in October, if not in a blaze of glory, at least in a storm of stars, for he detained on his head and spent his first two months at Mars recuperating in the hospital. There were many accidents like this in France, and many a poor chap left an arm or a leg under the car wheels, and was carried to an operating room moaning over the pain in the foot or in the hand that wasn't there.

LLOYD E. EROH, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Private, 1st class, Lloyd Eroh, of psychoneurosis neurasthenic fame, calls Allentown his home. He was the registrar's chief — we nearly said annoyance — field card clerk, whose efficient, methodical work in that department was a great aid to Base Hospital Sixty-eight in making her many records. Si Surgent, the mailman, was oft heard to complain about our friend, as Eroh contributed in no small way to Si's burdens.

EVERETT S. FACEMIRE, PRIVATE

Facemire never blew the bugle, but the boys were confident he could play sick call if he tried, he answered it so often. Poor Everett had lots of pains, some real, some perhaps imaginery, and the latter are not always the easiest to endure. But the heartless O. D. too frequently gave him "castor oil" and marked him "duty."

ALBERT L. FERNEKEES, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Fernekees, like most of us, knew his home town was the finest town in the world, and no French mountains could compare with the scene from the switch-back at dear Mauch Chunk, Pa., and no face in France could compare with the picture he carried around with him. When he made a movement towards his breast pocket the fellows could foretell the question, "Did I ever show you this before?"

HAROLD FIDLER, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Fidler only joined our unit in October and as late as the end of the war was not known by all the men. This was due, perhaps, to his "flu" mask, for as ward master of Ward No. 2, the "flu" ward, he was never seen on duty without this safety device over his good-looking features. He used to receive home letters and newspapers telling us of the terrible scourge of influenza in America, but luckily our outfit was able to handle our victims in one ward of fifty beds and the few deaths of flu victims was due to a complication with hellish Boche gases or pneumonia.

PAUL J. FIORENTINO, PRIVATE

Fiorentino joined us late, but filled a very necessary niche. He jumped when any one at headquarters shouted "Orderly," and when it was cold and bleak outside he kept the stoves at headquarters insufferably hot, and no one but the acclimated clerks there could stand it. We outsiders would rush in, gasp our business, and rush out again for breath.

MARTIN F. FISCHER, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Fischer took care of the guys in our guard house, with an ugly automatic strapped to his waist. His gun had never been loaded, and was picturesque but harmless. Fischer had a serious air, as befits a policeman, but off duty he was a good mixer. Perhaps it was this training as a policeman, perhaps a sense of humor, which impelled our authorities to put him in the kitchen as a kitchen police.

CHARLES B. FLANAGAN, PRIVATE

Flanagan broke up those large briquets of Welsh coal at the nurses' headquarters and converted them into heat units for the benefit of our nurses' leisure moments off duty. When there weren't any briquets left, he would try to keep up the fires with coal dust and perhaps some wood from the sacred lumber pile, if the Colonel were not looking. This was a very thankless job, and finally, to "get shet of it," Flanagan went A. W. O. L. with two kindred spirits; and when he returned from Moulins he received the inevitable sentence to the incinerator, which was exactly what he had been planning for.

CLYDE FLANAGAN, PRIVATE

Clyde Flanagan joined Sixty-eight in October, 1918, and as he was one of our best men for open eyes and a closed mouth, he was made and remained a guard all the time. Efforts were made to have him open his mouth, but when, on our return voyage, even the stormy waters of the Bay of Biscay failed, although succeeding wonderfully well with every one else, other methods were abandoned in despair.

SOLOMON FLEISCHER, BUGLER

Fleischer was a bugler par excellence. He never got off the key more than a half note. Besides bugling, he was tireless as a reporter of headquarters affairs while the rest of us were dozing off o' nights, and what we didn't learn about the C. O. the C. O. didn't know himself. Fleischer paints his little native town of Manhattan in such glowing colors it is feared on demobilization that all our loyal Ohio boys will migrate to that village of the white lights.

LAUNCE L. FLOCK, PRIVATE

Launce was night orderly for the "flu" ward. He joined us in October and the other fellows were just becoming acquainted with him, after we ceased functioning as a hospital and had a chance to look around us, when an order took both Flock and Shaub to Germany as dental assistants. The sergeant major was quoted just before this, "If you don't want to go, act as if you don't know nothin'." (N.B. This is a quotation of a quotation.) Alas! their intelligence shone too bright to be concealed by any such camouflage and we lost our two friends before we left Mars. May we all meet again on the right side of the Atlantic.

THOMAS G. FOGLESONG, PRIVATE

Foglesong was ward master of the compound fracture ward. Each man in the unit admitted that he himself was the hardest worked, and Thomas with the rest of us, but his claim to this distinction was backed by the officers. If the hospital train brought us the remnant of a man who still clung to life, we took him to Ward No. 7, where they fought for him with Death until he was strong enough to be carried to a "D" train bound for a seaport, where a hospital ship would take him back home. Yes, Thomas helped in many a fight for life as truly as any hero in the trenches, and we may be humbly grateful that he had so few patients to send across the street to the morgue.

ROGER J. FOLEY, Cook

Roger Foley was the strong man in the kitchen, and handled the colanders that cooked our oatmeal, cornmeal, and slum. These articles were the most eatable ones we were ever led to hope for, and the man who prepared them deserves special mention.

CHESTER E. FOWLER, PRIVATE

Fowler never worked much in a ward. His profession of tinsmith had scarcely qualified him to act as nurse, so he helped out with the cans, erecting stoves against the cold blast, and like odd jobs. Our dental officers likewise did miscellaneous duty, such as censoring mail, cursing the U-boat that sank their equipment, and taking charge of our Annex; in fact, anything but dental work. It was sheer logic that Fowler should be ordered to Germany, but on the day of departure he was enjoying his seven days' leave and the many-sided Shaub was obliged to replace him.

DEMA FRANCIS, PRIVATE

Francis disappeared from view when our first patients arrived and reappeared only when the last patient left our hospital. Dema was a night orderly and his disappearance is a proof of his devotion to duty. During his working hours Dema wrote countless letters home to his countless friends. One of the officers who censored his mail suggested that in the next war Dema would do well to take a mimeograph to lighten the arduous duty.

ROBERT L. FRASIER, PRIVATE

Frasier was known by his flopping boots which slandered our hospital with the imputation of constant mud, although all of us saw blue sky, sunshine, and rainbows at Mars. Frasier's boots were by way of a camouflage, for most of the mud they encountered was in the office at headquarters, where he reviewed the home magazines and papers and supplied the rest of us with verbal newsletters from America. When Sol Fleischer wasn't around he sometimes acted as orderly.

GEORGE L. FREDERICKS, PRIVATE

Fredericks was orderly to the corporal of the guard. It was his duty to keep the prison door closed when the corporal was called to any particular post — the door had no lock and of course needed constant guarding. Fredericks also made his rounds at night to arouse the guards whose turns were about to begin. At Le Pallet, Fredericks slept "at the chateau," which means that the French livestock were put in one corner and our men enjoyed the rest of the stalls; and although it sounds bad it was really better resting than that enjoyed by those men who were billeted on the mouldy concrete floor of the theater or in another billet over a cistern which kept everything damp.

CLARENCE FURER, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

"Pick" Furer counted red and white corpuscles in Lieutenant Weinstein's laboratory, and the activities he discerned under the microscope got into his own blood, for he was our most busy appearing member. When "Pick" tired of reading specific gravities in the laboratory, he checked up his findings on the pole detail.

ROY E. FURRY, PRIVATE

Roy Furry was a traveling salesman of the National Biscuit Company of America, and his qualifications seem to have fitted him into his niche as ward orderly. Roy had a roving disposition and on the journey from Brest, with its dreary lay-overs to make way for imperative freight, afforded "boo coo" chances to get out, scout around and buy infinite vinegar labelled "Vin Rouge," and to distribute crackers, chewing gum, and chocolate to the clamoring French children who cried incessantly at us, "Americain souvenir, souvenir Americain." This for Roy was almost like catching jerk-water trains at home, but it had to end, and Roy with the rest of us was soon plunged head over heels in work at Mars until after the armistice.

JAY GAPINSKI, PRIVATE

Gapinski was that rare bird, a man who did in our unit what he did in civilian life. He was our master carpenter and a good reliable one. The only grudge we bear him, and it is a big one, is that he built us those infernal double-decker bunks, made from slats. If one's bedtick were insufficiently stuffed with straw, the slats were sure to leave their imprint on a man's body after a restful night on his downy couch. But we forgive him, because he built our boiler room and made possible our hot water baths, to which probably is due our comparative ignorance of cooties.

ROY GASKILL, CORPORAL

Roy was our youngest corporal both in appearance and conduct. Roy was dizzy when he sewed on his stripes. He often envied the "tops" he had seen sporting the whistles they used for platoon extended order drills and he felt that a whistle was indispensable for the dignity of a non-com. Roy saw a rascally patient with a penny whistle, the only whistle in camp. It was soon Roy's whistle and the patient went off with a snicker and Roy's ten francs.

EARL R. GENTHAR, PRIVATE

After our hospital tasks in France were finished and we were boarding the *Matoika* for home, most of us said good by to work in the army. Genthlar was an exception. Our vessel carried home some of the saddest tragedies of the war; the poor fellows whose nerves had been pounded into ruin by the concussions of the battle front. Genthlar was one of their guards in the "nut-hatch," and saw to it that they stayed in quarters, lest they wander about, assault the unsuspecting, or slip unseen into the sea.

JOSEPH GERSTEIN, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Gerstein used to hand out coupons for the United Cigar Stores, but it's hard to see how his civilian experience could qualify him as an efficient K. P.; but K. P. he was, and all the boys are agreed that the top sergeant knew how to pick a winner.

EUGENE L. GIBBS, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Many of our men owe their lives to their hard luck. Gibbs's lack of inches prevented his realizing his fondest martial dreams; the only fluid he ever spilled in France was not blood, but ink, and this speaks well for Eugene, for he labored under Captain T —, our registrar and exponent of verbal frightfulness. There is one incident of Eugene's worthy of note: One day when he went too near an undeloused patient, he received thirty souvenirs; at least he found thirty when he sent his clothes to the sterilizer, — an intimate idea of what life in the trenches really was.

WILLIAM G. GOLDMAN, Cook

"Shorty" Goldman was a bartender, so we made him our chief cook. O cooking! What crimes have been committed in thy name! It will take many a glass of beer to wash out the memory of this insolence of beans, goldfish, and corned willie, but where in the United States will you ever get the beer? But Shorty's cooking didn't kill any one and no one got "pot a main" poisoning, so we forgive him.

CHARLES E. GORHAM, PRIVATE

Gorham was new in the army and didn't know the difference between a non-com and a private. The deference due to the dignity of a non-com had to be explained to him, and poor Charles went to the incinerator for duty. This really wasn't so bad, because there were so many others, and many hands made light work. Besides, there were frequent trips to the farmhouse down by the quarry where one could buy French fried potatoes and eggs in any style, things that our mess table never bothered with.

ORMAND A. GRAY, Cook

Gray sported a cook's insignia on his arm and was called Detachment Mess Cook. If he hadn't had a lucky star, he couldn't have handed out the chow he did and returned with us to the States. There would have been another cross out at the cemetery with Gray's identification tag nailed to it. But the boys shrugged their shoulders, growled, and choked down the grub because it was the *only* stuff he had to give us.

COLA F. GROVE, PRIVATE

Cola Grove, with his aseptic bald head and his aseptic pajama jacket, carried on in our operating room. Cola's face turned white many a time at what he saw — the grimmest contributions of every ward. But no one had time to do more than turn white, there was too much to attend to for the wounded; and Cola had his hands full unbandaging and bandaging their stumps and bloody gashes. After each day's orgy, Cola would help to wash out the operating room and shout invectives at any one below the rank of corporal whose muddy feet would track his clean floor.

CHARLES F. GUMMERMAN, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Our guards' rule, when their turn was up, was to report almost invariably, "Nothing doing," followed by a mute, "The Lord be praised," or words to that effect. Gummerman provided an exception. He and a non-com were on the outs with each other. Moonshine madness and "Vin Blink," one night led that sergeant's erring feet past Gummerman's midnight beat. Sixty-eight had a fourteen days scandal, for discipline must be maintained, and when bucks stray from the straight and narrow path they must be brought back to it with a punitive jolt.

COSTAS T. HAGGIS, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Haggis is a countryman of Marco Bozzaris and Venezelos and naturally was a waiter in the States, and therefore a waiter in Base Hospital 68. The fellows never saw much of him, as he was kept hard at it all the time in the officers' mess, where his pleasant smile acted as an appetizer for the stuff he served.

HARVEY HAIG, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

England and America both contributed Haigs to crush the Hun. Our Harvey had studied in a business college and made a very capable K. P. His services were invaluable to our mess sergeant in figuring the number of beans per capita and the daily ration of soup.

HARVEY W. HAINES, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Dad Haines was our dean. He entered our unit with a wealth of technical knowledge acquired in the hospital at Allentown. One would hear the voice of Dad criticizing Pershing on strategy, Heflebower on hospital management, the nurses on care of pneumonia patients, Drummond on his duties as top sergeant, or Dugan on his manner of dispensing the laundry! On Armistice Day Dad made us a wonderful speech. We were jammed in the receiving ward to hear him. His theme was "Home and Mother" — an apropos topic when every one was thinking of America and laying bets that we would see the Statue of Liberty before New Year's Day. There was a curious thing about Dad. Everybody knew him, men from other detachments, patients, and even the Colonel. Yet Dad never got into trouble. It is an axiom in the service that a private is well known only if he is always in trouble, but Dad was the exception.

CARL A. HALEY, PRIVATE

It took our dreamy-eyed friend to pull off a stunt that one reads of only in books. Tired out with his work in a ward, he went early to bed and was awakened by our bugler's rendition of taps; one can't blame him for mistaking this for reveille. Thereupon he dressed, awaking his sleeping comrades and asked those who were just retiring where they had been all night. Forceful remarks and comments induced him to undress again and take a beauty sleep until the bugler actually did attempt reveille at 6 A.M.

HERBERT J. HALL, PRIVATE

Hall took charge of our bad men in the guard house. He said if the war had only lasted a little bit longer he would have had a corporal's chevrons; but the war ceased, and poor Herb, like many another well-deserving patriot, must go down in history with no more tangible reward for his faithful services than a quiet conscience and a feeling that his work was well done.

WILLIAM J. HALLARAN, PRIVATE

After a week of plumbing Bill Hallaran needed distraction. He and Kohlhofer went to St. Pierre to find it and eat Sunday dinner where they could not hear the cheery bugle summoning us to our beans. A lovely statue of Joan of Arc was also there in the church where Joan herself attended mass after her first victory over the English in 1425. If Joan was as lovely as her statue, it is no longer a miracle that she inspired her followers. Hallaran and Kohlhofer got sore at some "Spiggoties" (Spaniards) who smiled at their Parisian accent when they ordered refreshments. The result was a free-for-all fight. Later intervals of leisure found the same Bill insistent on those same American rights and dignities.

WILLIAM E. HANSON, PRIVATE

The ward men didn't sit up late o' nights. There was precious little to occupy their idle moments. Nine o'clock would see the majority seek their bunks. The outside men probably worked just as hard, but they kept up a bit more pep and didn't think it was time to retire till taps was blown. Taps had very much the effect of reveille on fellows like Hanson. Demure by daylight, he opened up like a night-blooming cereus, after the O. D. went through our barracks. And his remarks were as good as a vaudeville even if some sleepyhead would growl out "Hire a hall," or other words not so polite. A hearty laugh is good for the health even after taps, when regulations forbid it; and the chuckles and snickers that escaped under cover of night's black wings compensated for the things we endured by day.

LINDSEY M. HARDING, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Harding is one of our most popular men. He spent his civilian days harrowing on a little farm in Ohio. There is nothing so harrowing in the army as the job of K. P. and Lindsey was IT. His corncob pipe was his inseparable friend, and these two prepared many an unsavory brew that was dished out in our mess-kits as soup.

JOHN L. HARRIS, PRIVATE

Jack was attached to our unit in time to develop the "Fighting Sixty-eight's" winning football team. We had good material. Jack was a good coach and we didn't lose a game. He kept in fit athletic shape by working in the kitchen.

GEORGE D. HARTMAN, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Lebanon's Adonis, the man with the officer's legs, was preparing himself for his lifework as an electrician by washing the windows in Lebanon's leading electrical store when he heard the call and joined the army. He is very jealous of his personal rights and has always told us, "If you don't kick, you'll never get anywhere." He is now a private, first class. Nobly done, George.

ORVA HARVEY, PRIVATE

Harvey was one of O'Toole's old reliables on the fatigue gang. He never kicked when Tooley called on him, and his cheerfulness could be counted on even if work continued beyond recall. Harvey's fear of the "pivot" in drill is to be respected. He told his sergeant to see to it that he was always number two or number three man, so that he could follow in somebody else's "trace"; and in his honest confession Harvey was better and more efficient than lots of men who accepted number one or number four position with no fear and no respect for the pivot, for the very good reason that they ignored its existence.

HARRY D. HATFIELD, PRIVATE

Hatfield was always looked to for guard duty or fatigue duty. While we were marking time at Le Pallet, preparing for the embarkation mogul's approval before sailing home, Hatfield became a K. P. He was lucky. He escaped a tiresome lot of shoe-shining, pack-rolling, holding pivots, catching cadences that alternated with alternating non-coms in the line of file closers, and, finally, scavenger work. To placate the dreaded American port officials it was necessary to go up and down the streets of Le Pallet collecting all manner of debris, scattered there, not only by us but by the citizens themselves. It is hard to see why these tasks should be imposed upon soldiers, whose proper duties having been performed were about to abandon their army careers, although no doubt it was an excellent object lesson to the natives in cleanliness and American sanitation.

PAUL HAYES, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Paul was just a trifle noisier than the grave. Some of his unkind companions said this was because he was a Philadelphian; but like all Philadelphians he got away with it. Anybody who could serve our C. O. throughout our battle of Mars without incurring his wrath deserves the D. S. C., and Paul was the officers' K. P.

HENRY HEESE, PRIVATE

Heese was sick at Camp Crane and all but missed going to France with us. He was sick a lot more over there, but between times held down a lot of jobs. He was a truck driver until he volunteered some unsought suggestions to the Transportation office, also a ward orderly and worked for a time in the laundry.

EDGAR A. HEMERLY, PRIVATE

Three years ago "Bill" was fixing blowouts in a modest way in Allentown, Pennsylvania. At the same time France and her neighbors were having the biggest blowout of the ages; and Bill, his young blood afire, enlisted to help patch this one, thinking that here his talent might enjoy a greater scope. And they put him in the bathhouse to heat the water which cleansed our bodies and drowned our cooties. It is sad but true that all of the famous Hindenburg line Bill ever saw was under the fingernails of our filthy patients.

HILL HENDRIX, PRIVATE

Hill Hendrix investigated Moulins, — consequently some of the hardest jobs in camp, — caught the "flu" and had a close squeak. After convalescence he was given an automatic and made a guard. Most of our guards had never discharged a gun and it is a question whether they ever loaded the magazines, put the uncertainty had the proper psychological effect and for all practical purposes our guards were as good as real soldiers.

TOY HENSLEY, PRIVATE

Our men can never forget the blue skies of sunny France; they can never forget the gorgeous sunrises and sunsets and clouds. Nor can they forget the mud tracked everywhere and plastered on shoes and leggings or splashed by passing vehicles over one's whole body, while our French women that helped out in the wards and kitchen chanted their fatalistic "beaucoup bou" as they sloshed through the roads in their wooden sabots. Hensley's job was on our fatigue and road building gang; and to him and his comrades Sixty-eight owes a great debt, for while other units of Mars Center struggled continuously in deep mud, our unit finally emerged in the splendor of macadam roads, which minimized the unpleasantness of the rainy season for us.

JAMES HERZOG, PRIVATE

Jim Herzog bossed our cement gang and was a proper mixologist of good cements. Two American sergeants marched these Chinese coolies three times a day through our camp. These undersized coolies had to run to keep up with their long-legged leaders. They scuffled over the ground like a crowd of ugly

gnomes. It was a wonderful picture. All sorts of head gear, Chinese inverted straw cones, turbans, French képis and bérets, all kinds of blouses, breeches, and shoes and one common kind of ugliness. Jim saw one Chink loafing and undertook to speed him up. All the English the Chink knew was "What the Hell." The two were at once the center of a delighted crowd. Jim has played poker, and good old American bluff won out, although it took half an hour to succeed. Jim left his enemy sullenly digging in the trench as if he were putting a hole through to China.

JOSEPH HERZOG, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

When a man can handle a hammer and saw, he can expect little peace in a place like B. H. No. 68. Such a man was Joe Herzog; and between the blows of his busy hammer he could be heard most any day telling some applicant that all the tools in the shop were ordered to stay there by order of Lieutenant-Colonel Heflebower, and stay there they did.

Carpenters were also glaziers in France. Daily five or six panes of glass would drop out of the ward windows, where Spanish labor had placed them, evidently depending on gravity to keep them in place, as no nails appear to have been used. They kept dropping out and it was one of Joe's jobs to replace them, after which they never fell out again.

MCLEAN S. HEWITT, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Hewitt is a second edition of the "Blue Boy," and could rarely be found out of his fatigue clothes in which he handled the German prisoners in Ward No. 12. After we ceased functioning as a hospital, Hewitt with Higy took care of Ward No. 9 with its non-coms. Naturally a well-trained "buck" like Hewitt knew his job.

LEOPOLD L. HIGY, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Higy's record in Sixty-eight was all to the good. As K. P., fatigue artist, or ward orderly, no complaints about his industry were ever received. As tackle on our football team he was fast and sure and contributed to our unbeaten record. During our last days at Mars he helped out in the care of Ward No. 9 which housed our non-coms. Ward No. 9 was variously called "The House of Mirth," "The House of Hate," and "The House of Cards." And Higy earned admiration by sticking to his post and avoiding trouble.

HARRY M. HOFFMAN, PRIVATE

Hoffman was said to come from Goosetown. Many a weary waddle did he take in Ward No. 8, and when the day's work was done he had a wonderful appetite for sleep. Some of the boys used to fight the demon rum on Cognac Hill. They frequently returned to the barracks belligerent. One man tried to climb into Hoffman's bed by mistake, with the offensive remark that he was the best man in the barracks. Hoffman had different views and the usurper measured his length on the floor.

LESTER I. HALLIDAY, PRIVATE

Halliday and Fidler were known as the terrible twins. Both came from Parkersburg, West Virginia, and always stuck together, even working in the same ward. But Halliday remained a buck while Fidler attained the rank of Private, 1st Class. This implied no discredit to Halliday — simply \$3.60 more per month. Or perhaps the hand of Providence had halted the hand of our Colonel as his pencil went down the list of names while slating men for a rise. This system of private and private first class in its application is thought by many to be discreditable. Some of our worthiest men remained bucks while some of our laziest were promoted. An unfair principle.

GEORGE L. HOLT, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

When Williams ran our first canteen, Holt made the change for the fellows; when Williams won his chaplain's commission, Holt became the Colonel's orderly; and when the Colonel left us for Is-sur-Tille, George once more moved into the kitchen as a storekeeper. Our life in France was a sort of trial by fire; later we might labor mightily, but, remembering our army careers, feel how really soft life had become. When George resumes his job as a puddler, will life seem soft to him?

BROWN G. HOSIER, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Brown Hosier spent his first month at Mars guarding a prisoner — the first victim of the Colonel's wrath. After this his duties in the operating room kept him out of sight. But these duties must have been many and well done, for many a night has he kept us awake telling us of his varied experiences in vivid vocabulary, until Steve Suvada would shout from under his blankets, "Shut up, you bumblebee!"

LLOYD D. HOWETT, PRIVATE

Howett can tell his grandchildren how Pershing selected him of all our boys for a little chat. Howett, like Pat in the famous Irish story, was the only man in the regiment in step. At attention he stood parrot-toed, and General Pershing, while reviewing, called this offense to the attention of our detachment commander. The latter said Howett was made that way and that even an operation had failed to bring his heels together. To this Howett volunteered, "That's the way I was taught to stand," implying at the same time that the rest of us were all dubs, because the other one hundred and ninety-nine pairs of heels were being held rigidly together in the manner always beaten into our heads and heels by our top sergeant. There were black looks on all sides, for we feared that detention in France was probable until Howett's heels could click. We had heard the story that one unit had been put back five weeks on the sailing list because one of its members had failed to salute a general. But even as the

detachment commander declared that Howett's heels wouldn't meet, Pershing urged Howett to try it once more, and lo! the impossible was accomplished. We heard Howett's heels come together with a click that would have brought delight to the heart of a Prussian drill sergeant. Next morning early we embarked and said good by to France.

JOHN HRUSKA, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Hruska is an example of being kicked upstairs — not very far up, perhaps, but as far up as most of us ever got. For did he not insult a shavetail patient in Ward 9, where he was night orderly? And was he not kicked out of Ward 9 into the job of ward master in Ward 1? It happened this way. At taps, the O. D. commanded "Lights out" and Hruska forgot that the Lord's anointed slept in the beds in his care; so at 10.01 P.M. he went to bed thirteen (unlucky number), where a little candle still threw its beams. Out went the candle and the shavetail was left darkling. The next morning Hruska wore fatigue clothes. Several of the men can vouch for this story, because they heard it every night after the O. D. had passed through and seen that all of us were tucked in except those whose duties at Moiry or St. Parize still detained them.

EUGENE L. HYRE, PRIVATE

Hyre spent his days at Mars ever ready to bawl out "Corporal of the guard, post number ten." Good guards had to keep their mouths closed and their ears and eyes open, else Hyre's story would be a long one. He might tell of the black shadows of the night that looked so much like wolves or wicked Huns that a comrade paid fifteen francs to have another stand his night turn; he might tell of the moon's magic, changing a row of harmless Lombardy poplars down by Moiry Creek into a regiment of threatening spears when the cold midnight blast bent them against the threatening sky; he might tell the story of the intoxicated officer with a pound of cheese, found at the bottom of a deep hole, whither his erring steps had carried him; or the story of the sentimental officer who told the trusting nurse, beneath the midnight eaves of the receiving ward, that she was the only she his officer lips had ever kissed. But Hyre's lips were closed. His orders were to speak to no one except in the line of duty, and the details of these little suggestions are not for us.

FRED R. INMAN, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Fred was our singing and dancing Don Juan, whose cute little moustache cut a wide swath among the nurses. Between dances, as it were, Fred worked very hard. It was hard on his light fantastic toes that he had to work at night, when lots of lovely moonlight had to be wasted. Cheer up, Fred, American moonlight is better than French moonlight, anyway.

HARRY T. JOHNSON, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Johnson came into our midst in October, 1918. When he wasn't on guard it was his youthful ambition to give our playing-card sergeant, Powell, points on his own profession. That worthy needed no instructions and Johnson became satisfied in being a mere onlooker.

CARL JONES, PRIVATE

After our hospital work was cleaned up Carl left his duties as ward orderly in Ward 7 and was a fixture on the can detail. During six months empty cans had been accumulating and had to be disposed of — cans of all sorts. Think how many cans would accumulate in a hospital center accommodating twenty thousand patients! Trainloads of them were carted off by our faithful fatigue detail to an old quarry where they were dumped and covered over. It would be interesting a few centuries hence to listen to some paleontologist dissertate on one of our cans as to whether it was a specimen from the neolithic or the paleolithic period.

FREDERICK JONES, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

If the doughboys slew their thousands, Fred Jones slew his tens of thousands. Fred supervised in the sterilizer, where the cootiful clothing was heated up with steam and returned very wrinkled but without a cause for an itch. When a cootie saw Fred Jones it just naturally lay down and died, but he cooked it, anyway, to make sure.

LEONARD A. KAISER, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Kaiser was night orderly in Ward 18, where he had about fifty badly wounded bed patients to care for from 7 P.M. to 7 A.M., supplementing his efforts, of course, with the brains of the O. D. and the nurse. Should a boy at home be carried to his own bed with a leg or arm crushed or severed, what love and attention would his mother and sisters not lavish on him! How exhausted do they become, seeing that the poor sufferer is saved all unnecessary pain! Then conjure up a dreary ward of fifty beds with one driven nurse and one driven orderly to supply the maternal touch and the maternal sympathy. No wonder nurses and orderlies were worn out with what they did. No wonder the broken bodies in the beds thought of home and became petulant and carping. But results are what count, and Kaiser's nightmare vigils were rewarded by wonderful restorations and wonderfully few deaths.

JAMES D. KING, PRIVATE

After "Kingy" had been corralled at Camp Crane he learned that there were more lucrative positions available in civilian life, so he tendered his resignation to the adjutant. James had already demonstrated that he was an indispensable

adjunct to our unit, and so the adjutant promised him a ten per cent raise as soon as we arrived in France. All this money and the beastliness of the Boche were too much for James. He consented to stay with us, and he and ourselves have been happy about this decision ever since.

RAYMOND A. KLINE, PRIVATE

His beard was rough; his voice like a thunder. Ha, ha, hello, Kline! Come and tell us your troubles. Raymond is our mysterious woman-hater. Experience maintains that your true misogynist, unlike the poet, is made, not born. Raymond swears that his case is an exception, and the statement must be accepted at its face value. Bright days are ahead, dear boy. The evolution of very young men is often marked and even marred by crotchets such as this one of yours; but Time, the gentle jester, shows these phases to be of such stuff as dreams are made on. Raymond is not the author of this particular biography, but without his aid many of our others would never have been finished and Sixty-eight is grateful.

GEORGE E. KLING, CORPORAL

"It is a sweet and proper thing to die for one's country," but our George did better than that. He sacrificed a budding career as an optometrist to *live* for his country, and our unit would have been the poorer for want of his game self, his game leg, his horn-rimmed glasses, and that awful string of Latin and Greek technicalities about our eyes with which he would belabor any unwilling ears that stayed near him for more than five minutes.

FRANK X. KOHLHOFER, SERGEANT

Our hospital was running two weeks before we had running water. The orderlies had to run for it. And it was back-breaking work fetching water all day from a common faucet a block away. One day Sergeant Kohlhofer waved his hand, turned on a valve, and lo! water gushed from the spigots in every ward, and we became an honest-to-goodness hospital. Slopping through the deepest mud in his hip boots, the sergeant could be seen any day studying the mysteries of French plumbing. If we saw his broad grin approaching we were pretty sure that we would have that darned sink working "toot sweet." The fellows sure appreciated Kohlhofer's work.

CHARLES L. LAKE, SERGEANT

Lake was a Medical Supply Sergeant and had his hands full issuing various supplies with plain English names and others with tongue-twisting terms like "sphygmomanometer." Charles learned the hard names in time and used them as readily as the simpler ones, like broom-corn, tumblers, white enamel, etc., although time was when he would tell you there wasn't no such animal, even when he had a shelf full. However, as Captain Wood was the only one who *knew*, Lake must be pardoned.

MAX S. LAMBERT, SERGEANT, 1ST CLASS

Max hooked up with our unit, not through choice, but through his own misfortune. He had belonged to the 531st Ambulance Company, but while he was recovering from an operation his outfit sailed and he had to console himself with Sixty-eight. Max handled our personnel work very efficiently and there is not a man in the unit who has ever felt the sting of being short-changed by him. We have one grudge against Max: those awful comparisons between American and French girls in letters appearing in the "Army Edition" of the *Chicago Tribune*, ostensibly written by doughboys, but in reality written by some one we know. Max, don't ever show this history to your girl friend. Let her believe you were true to her.

BERNARD LEACH, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Leach had considerable hospital experience at Camp Greene and it was fitting that he should continue in this work in France. He never made much noise, but if you ever wanted him he was sure to be found at his post in Ward 14 working in his quiet, earnest way. The fellows thought that Leach's fists were more eloquent than his tongue; but the top sergeant could never get any witnesses to tell about it.

FRANKLIN LEAVENWORTH, SERGEANT

"Leavy's" baby smile garnished many a dish of gold fish. Leavy was our mess sergeant and it was thought he and his K. P.'s were instructed to smile in an effort to sweeten the effects of the army rations. But his smile became so strained that he finally passed the buck and made Vanderhoof go over to collect the officer patients' money and gratuitous insults about Sixty-eight's cuisine. But no one blamed him much. Leavenworth would have done well to appropriate the ham fat actor's sign for our mess hall — "Don't get the hook, he's doing the best he can."

THOMAS F. LEE, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

"Tom," our noted Irishman and registered nurse, entered Base Hospital Sixty-eight without Uncle Sam's assistance. Tom was liked by all the men except when he began to argue on the workingman's wrongs. He had his point of view and it could not be changed. If Tom could see both sides of an argument he would become a famous orator some day. Try it, Tom!

LANSFORD L. LEIGH, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

In the kitchen, "Hungry Hank's" long legs were always fleeing from hunger but never escaping it. Lansford was many-sided, and besides being K. P. did yeoman service in the registrar's office with Lieutenant DeGroat. He was finally transferred to the chief surgeon's office at Tours, where he took our kindest wishes and everybody's sympathy, for homesickness was general and we all appreciated what it meant to be kept any longer away from America.

LESTER H. LEIGHTON, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Leighton ably dispensed at the Dispensary when the need was sore. There isn't a ward orderly he didn't bawl out for not having the adjutant's O. K. on orders for codeine or morphia. And he measured alcohol by the mind's eye — an unreliable graduate — and was supplanted. It is a seven days' wonder that the pharmacy was as straight as Leighton managed to keep it. Our ward surgeons lived up to medical tradition by sending undecipherable prescriptions, the reading of which would have given credit to an expert. Nobody thought the worse of Leighton for this catastrophe.

ALVIN F. MACK, SERGEANT

Mack took readily to the French idiom and successfully scoured the countryside in search of eatables for our patients. He became mess sergeant of our Annex for convalescent doughboys, an unlovely but necessary job. Mack forcefully taught the doughboys to be thankful for "gold fish," corned willie, and beans. It wasn't our fault we couldn't humor them with tenderloin or serve them dainty breakfasts in bed according to good hospital practise at home. After all, this unpalatable food made real men out of many an undernourished stripling, and it looked like a feast of Lucullus to the famished Huns who were lucky enough to be wounded and captured by our men. Easy enough to explain why Mack was a friend to so many of our boys. He *was* mess sergeant, but not for our own personnel.

RAYMOND A. MANNIER, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Raymond can't help his smile. He was brought up on the motto that the man worth while is the man with a smile. One day he gave the Colonel an innocent sample of his upbringing, and our sensitive Commander had the self-conscious thought that he was being mocked. Next morning Raymond helped to swing the cans. But the smile wouldn't come off; it never has, and, please God, it never will. It has been one of the most valuable assets of Sixty-eight. To look at his irresistibly sunny face made all of our loads grow lighter.

LEO MARTIN, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Leo Martin has always kept close to the kitchen, most of the time as manager of the kitchen storeroom, where he saw to it that the nurses' mess, the patients' mess, and the detachment mess were never overloaded with eatables. Leo's "back to home" slogan and his sunny smile grew on you and never wore off, and many a homesick nursie forgot the dullness of army life when this lively person displayed his magnetic features. Keep it up, kid, the cooks are all for you.

SAMUEL R. MARTIN, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

"Pardon me for buttin' in," but I want to introduce our theological ornament, the Rev. Samuel Martin, Private, 1st Class, sweet singer, cornetist, raconteur, exegetist, and with a capacity for hard, conscientious work exceeded by none. In manœuvering the fleet in Ward 11, neither Beatty nor Von Tirpitz had anything on our Samuel. Every one of us wishes him godspeed and the felicity of not making his sermons longer than twenty-five minutes.

JAMES MELFI, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Melfi is one of our Latin linguists. He was born near Tarentum and the lingo of Italy's heel prepared him to say "Comment allez-vous" like a native of France. It is wonderful how he could understand this sister tongue. Jim was always our Barracks Guard and we owe it to him that the barracks he cared for were the cleanest in camp.

JOSEPH MENNEN, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Joseph Mennen was Leighton's heir at the dispensary. Before this, however, he was in the Medical Supply, and handed us out a world of things, in fact, everything from a battleship to a paper of pins. But, believe me, no one ever slipped anything over on Joseph, and if our ward surgeons and the Colonel also didn't O. K. our requisitions, they became dishonored scraps of paper.

VERDI L. METZ, PRIVATE

Whether it was because Metz was associated in a business way with the "Mont de Piete," or because his front name was Verdi and they thought he could play the "Anvil Chorus," he was made Base Hospital Sixty-eight's wood butcher. And under Sergeant Powell's critical eye he made the very wonderful furniture which was the envy of all other units in this Center. His masterpiece was the finishing of the officers' mess hall.

JOHN B. MITCHELL, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Every morning at 7.30 the O. D. held sick call at the infirmary. Here our ailments, imaginary and otherwise, were looked into, and we would be ordered to perform "light duty," or perhaps receive a coat of iodine and be marked "duty," and sometimes we would be hustled into the hospital wards as real patients. Mitchell, who worked on O'Toole's gang, finally was transferred to the kitchen on K. P. duty, and the improved diet of this strategic position made a new man of him. Light diet without the red tape of sick call, or perhaps a juicy steak or French fried and eggs. But mess call would see him in line with the other malefactors from the kitchen and without a blush would hand us stuff they called chow. In this last job John was never known to answer "sick call."

JOHN F. MITCHELL, PRIVATE

Mitchell enlisted to drive an ambulance at the front, but instead was given a good, steady job on a motor bus from Mars to Nevers. He was detached from our unit for this purpose until the very last, when he rejoined us just in time for us to take him back home via Le Pallet. John was always a loyal Sixty-eight man throughout our stay in France, and always broke the M. T. O. rules in our favor whenever he could do so unnoticed. Sixty-eight thanks you, John!

GILBERT C. MOBLEY, PRIVATE

Mobley was our official barber for a long period. A franc for a haircut and fifty centimes for a shave. Poor Gilbert had little time for small talk. And instead of lining his own pockets, the results of his labors went into the "Barber Fund." It was natural this fund should help publish this history, for waiting customers recounted their experiences in France. And if any of our boys ever tells his friends how he went "over the top," let those friends take due warning from these pages that all his dope was collected in Mobley's tonsorial parlor.

LEONARD MONK, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

This British patriot hated Home Rule in Ireland no less than he did civil war in Ireland. To avoid belligerent eventualities he came to America. Leonard expected to clean up Wall Street, marry an heiress, and live happy forever after. Instead, he got caught in that glorious draft and set himself to learning French. He could say "mademoiselle" and "promenade" with such a Parisian accent that he outdistanced all rivals.

JOSEPH E. MONTGOMERY, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Melancholy Monty, the serious Scot, used to be our corporal of the guard. The job wasn't any joke, either; guards carried policemen's clubs instead of guns. On the prison door, which was very well made (nobody without a penknife could have cut his way to freedom), they had forgotten to put a lock. Poor Monty lost his job one day for want of an alter ego. He was taking ten minutes off to snatch a bite, when the Colonel saw a truck go the other way on our one-way pike. Next morning Monty, like a masculine milkmaid, was swinging a pail from his shoulder. Should this allusion be obscure, any of our personnel will be glad to explain.

WILLIAM D. MORRISON, CORPORAL

Corporal Morrison, one time registrar of the Annex, where he did notable work in the face of many difficulties in organization and operating a branch office, should make a successful salesman or after-dinner speaker, because, as unkind friends would say, he is quite a dilettante in making the grass grow green, due, no doubt, to his experience as one of the pioneers in sodding the parade ground at Camp Greenleaf, Georgia.

JOHN R. McALPIN, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

"Scotty" says he's an American but he can't fool us. Nobody rolls r's like his in any place outside of bonnie Scotland. Mac's Scotch conscience made him a fatigue worker above the average, but he shone indeed in Ward 17, bossing the Boche prisoner patients. The fierce commands of this cousin of the "ladies from hell," as the Huns call Jock's kilted kinsmen, brought instant obedience, although Jock knew no word of German and isn't planning to study it now.

ROBERT R. McCONNELL, PRIVATE

Mac's favorite song in the army was "It's nice to get up in the morning, but it's nicer to lie in your bed." The only call he hated worse than reveille was train call at 3 or 4 A.M. It was like a surgical operation to get him up, but once up and the sand out of his eyes there was no better worker in Tooley's squad. But at 4.30 P.M. no one had a keener ear for Colvin's or Fleischer's attempt at "Recall."

CHESTER E. McCREARY, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

McCreary developed blood poisoning. Perhaps this was a protest of his Scotch blood at being assigned to work in a German ward. He killed time as a patient by sending home a *Martian*, our proud hospital center weekly, and he had the receipt of his "Comic Serial" promptly acknowledged. Little ironies of this sort are the daily lot of every buck private and make life interesting. It might have been still more interesting had he confided this comment to Sergeant Coons, for our sergeant was Sixty-eight's official representative for the *Martian* and was convinced of the classic level of its attainments.

HENRY J. McNULTY, SERGEANT

McNulty was a sergeant from the very first, although an outsider would have thought him a buck when he heard the fellows calling him Mac. But this didn't hurt his efficiency. He worked in the receiving ward night and day, and if he had to have a special detail he never excited more than a minimum of profanity. You're on the right track, Mac, and your civilian civility will carry you a whole lot further in our peaceful land than any arrogant assumption of superiority where it may or may not exist.

FRANK A. NALDI, CORPORAL

"Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly
Most musical, most melancholy."

These words were written by a blind Englishman three hundred years ago who looked ahead and saw Frank's career in Base Hospital 68. Frank did some hard, conscientious work (?) at the Q. M., dispensing hobnailed shoes and hobnailed gossip; but between whiles the Colonel would give him a special dispensation; then he would blossom out as a prima donna, and many a dreary night was

enlivened at the Red Cross Hut and in the wards by the Signor's scintillations. It was a hard heart that could remain unmoved at the tragedy of "Little Rosa," and every boulevard and every back alley of Mars-sur-Allier used to reecho to the strains of "Pray for Sunshine, but Always be Prepared for Rain."

GORDON A. NEWKIRK, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

"Newk" spent most of his working-days in our unit in Ward 4. When we stopped functioning as a base hospital one of our bosses dreamed that Newk was a baker, and baker he became, to our general disgust. Newk rose rapidly from the rank of buck private to the envied position of private, first class, and also ward master in Ward 4, having under his command several able assistants. Newk's youthful point of view, his humor, and his nose for news made him an object of interest.

JULIAN H. NICODEMUS, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Nick graced Ward 11 with his serious efforts as a healer of the sick; and there he and Sam Martin had hot disputes on such as the Statue of Liberty being the most beautiful woman's figure in the world or the Venus of Milo more æsthetic. Nick was a pessimist about the war's duration, and when Armistice Day hit us they had to put him in the operating room so he wouldn't disturb the patients by asking "When are we going home?" When the operating room closed, Nick became a cook as cooks go in the army. We all wish you luck, Nick, but don't tell your friends in the unit that you were the coffee man.

AUGUST NICOLAUS, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Nicolaus led an exciting life in Ward 3, trying to please the nurses and the patients at the same time. He laid claim to being popular with the ladies and sported a microscopic moustache. We were made happy by his smile, which simply would not come off; but the smile almost did vanish one day when our Colonel asked Nick why he permitted ashes to lie on the floor in front of the stove. Nick's faltering tones tried to explain. But he never heard anything more about his "answering back," and it is to be presumed that his explanation and the C. O.'s anger were both bluff.

JAMES P. O'CONNOR, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

When an Irishman is earnest there is no more earnest person in the world. Jimmy was Irish and Jimmy was earnest. At train call he was first down with his litter and last back, and the sergeants never got after him for loafing, as it must be admitted they did get after others of us. Jimmy never needed to be reminded that he was working. That Sixty-eight had such a proud record was on account of just such patriotic, sincere service as he rendered every day.

FREDERICK OESTE, JR., PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

For an amiable person, Fred used to carry around the most worried expression, due perhaps to his brooding over the possibilities of poisoning the wrong person in error. It was not poison, however, but alcohol that wrought his finish. Not that he swallowed it, but he and Leighton had measured minims in mugs, not having any graduates, and a deficit resulted. Fred's activities were transferred to the Medical Supply. Had the rest of our personnel been held to as strict an accounting, Base Hospital 68 would have been transferred bodily to the Labor Battalion.

JOSEPH F. O'HANLAN, SERGEANT

Joe kept records straight in the registrar's office and daily made the ward masters explain why their morning ward reports of succeeding days invariably disagreed. So well was this done that Joe was given a job of opening a branch registrar's office at the Annex and the mere fact that he wasn't busted is mute testimony of how well he succeeded. And he loves Philadelphia.

THOMAS J. O'HARA, PRIVATE

Thomas was a typical Irishman, except that he never smoked. He had a wall-eyed loyalty, one eye being focussed on the land of the free, while the other was fixed on that dear little isle where his mother lived. But his body stayed with us at Mars-sur-Allier, where it did yeoman service. During our last weeks in France Tom was made happy by a visit to his native sod. "Ireland must be heaven," said Tom, "for my mother came from there."

WILLIAM R. O'TOOLE, SERGEANT

Red hair, blue eyes, a mouth smiling to disclose a wealth of gold, how could we call him anything but Irish! Of course, to his face, we bucks called him "Sergeant," for he was chief of the Medical Engineers of Sixty-eight, who built our roads and gypsum sidewalks. These sidewalks stood up nobly until the first rain, and every one expected Tooley would be busted, but it was whispered that Tooley had only carried out orders from "higher up," so he hung onto his job, and after this fiasco he is said to have discharged his duties to the general satisfaction of those under and over him.

ARLIE J. PERDUE, SERGEANT

Arlie, the notable undertaker from Tulsa, Oklahoma, enlisted as an undertaker. But the only thing he was known to undertake was to flatter the nurses and to doll up in a uniform which made many a detachment officer green with envy. Perhaps it was his long practice with the beautiful maidens of Tulsa, with their millions flowing from the oil wells of Oklahoma, that made him so bewitching to the women. Arlie, beware! Arlie's heart was broken during our last days in France, for he was detached from our unit at Le Pallet and sent to Coblenz to testify in a trial. But that's another story.

RALPH N. PHIPPS, COOK

Phipps was a civilian machinist. He entered the army, where they made him a butcher. In the kitchen they used to camouflage corned willie and tell the boys Phipps had just killed a young calf. We figured it must be monkey veal, and as long as there wasn't anything else to eat, we swallowed it. Here's to you, Phipps, old boy, and we hope that machinist's job is waiting for you when you get back to Akron.

JOSEPH C. PITTINGER, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Pittinger was ward orderly and fatigue specialist. When our outfit was marking time at Le Pallet (Loire Inférieure) preparatory to the return trip from St. Nazaire to America, he made history by going off limits. The punishment was not so bad as it might seem, as every place anybody wanted to go was off limits anyway, unless one had been fortunate enough to secure a special pass. The long-suffering patriots of Sixty-eight, however, had hard work understanding why they should be treated like Hun canaille in the process of being discharged from the great army of equal rights for all.

LUTHER T. POORE, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Ward master of Ward 19 and pugilist of Sixty-eight. Even Fighting Bob got "his" and Jack Dempsey is coming to his Waterloo some day, so we are making no apologies for the fact that a poorly warder blow caught him below the ear and laid him cold. We became uneasy, but the necessary tub of cold water over his head made him as good as new. Luther was a phenomenon in another way. Actually our sergeants had to call him down for working too hard. This is no joke, but sober truth, and it shouldn't go unmentioned in our archives.

RAYMOND L. POWELL, SERGEANT

Powell came to France a plain private. He was made sergeant and head carpenter and put in charge of the saw in the carpenter shop. Nothing but a signed order from the Colonel could get it away from him. It is due Powell to say that Sixty-eight had some very creditable carpentering to his credit.

CHARLES RAPP, PRIVATE

Besides his Red Cross work as a ward orderly, Rapp did some Blue Cross work on our two badly gassed German horses. The animals at last became strong enough under his care to haul a truckload of gold fish for Sixty-eight; had the fortunes of war been otherwise, perhaps a gun on the Hindenburg line or a brewery wagon in Berlin.

EMIL J. RECHKA, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Emil said he would have done better on our football team had the season lasted longer; but our team was never beaten, so why should he worry? His other claim to distinction was his membership in the Bath House Detective Bureau, where the fellows used the hot water to shave and sometimes to take a bath, paying therefor with bathhouse rumors.

JAMES B. REILLY, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

James B. Reilly, Private, 1st Class, better known as Reilly of the Q. M., spent his days in Mars as a guard, patient, quartermaster's assistant, and author of the gossip that he was hard worked. Everybody thought Reilly had a good job selling *Martians* and misfit clothing, but it is his one regret that he drew down a Q. M. position instead of one in the kitchen. Poor Reilly had a sad beginning of his voyage back to America. With a lot of us he hung over the rail, with gasps, gurgles, spasms, and groans. "How much sicker do you get before you die?" he asked; and some of the sickest had to take time off to laugh at Reilly in purgatory.

EDWARD J. REYNOLDS, PRIVATE

Reynolds hated guard duty and for that reason apparently the irony of the army made him a guard a great part of the time, in spite of his telling our "top" that he was too small a man for such a big job. Perhaps the "top" remembered that Napoleon was no six-footer, and had dreams of creating another supreme strategist out of a like small mould.

GIOVANNI RICCI, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

No one ever called Ricci by his first name, not because he was not a good sport, but because no one knew how to pronounce it. Ricci was barracks guard with Melfi. He used to sigh when two hundred muddy feet passed by the unused front door scraper and tracked in mud inch deep on his well-scoured floor. Sunny Italy was never like sunny France.

EVERETT C. RIDGELEY, PRIVATE

Everett, who will have a stronger beard after a while, took it on himself to address all his companions as "Son," and naturally and more appropriately earned a like title in return. It was especially appropriate then on account of his cheery manners and his sunny smile. With that smile in your own home town, Everett, you can't escape a wife very long.

CLARENCE B. ROBBINS, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

"Bob," who was sequestered in the officers' mess hall, was seen by few of us. He was the only Sixty-eight man who could cook those dainties that took one dollar per diem from every officer in our outfit. Bob varied this monotony by cooking patients' mess and acting orderly in one of the wards.

GEORGE L. ROBINSON, COOK

George was a nice kid who had been brought up on the farm. He spent his days in Mars in our kitchen, where he learned various cooking terms and sundry army expletives. For a time he was special light diet cook, and "one who knows" warns him to keep away from the doughboys who used to eat his special light diets.

LEON B. ROSSEAU, SERGEANT

Rosseau's native French stood him in good stead as he rambled all over the country around Mars, Nevers, and Moulins, in his official capacity. We had to have eggs and milk and the limited delicacies of the countryside for our patients, and Leon got them for us, buying them up so completely that the rest of us were frequently out of luck if we wished to purchase food in a more modest retail way for the satisfaction of our individual palates.

ELMER SANBORN, PRIVATE

Sanborn called on the Commanding Officer one day with his sweater outside of his O. D. shirt. This was as evil and unmilitary as wearing a black string necktie. Elmer went the way of the wicked to the incinerator. He was a poor hand at talking but no one ever wrote more letters; in fact it was one of Lieutenant DeGroat's chief duties to censor Elmer's mail.

PATRICK SAVAGE, PRIVATE

On St. Patrick's Day the fiery flash in Savage's eye was in harmony with the shamrock in his buttonhole, and if any one sported an orange ribbon before him it was sure to be with a conciliating smile. Pat part of the time was night orderly.

BENJAMIN SCHEELEY, PRIVATE

Scheeley admits being a farmboy — nay, he brags of it. Ben is so young he can't see anything in a cloud but its silver lining, and the joy of living has chiselled lines of mirth in his face. Keep it up, Ben. Few optimists exist except in books and it is life's tragedy to see rose tints fade into the light of common day.

THOMAS G. SCHMIDT, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Tom Schmidt belonged to the Medical Supply constellation. Tom was ferociously truthful and was hurt if he did not receive like ferocity in return — a valuable man for the job. His work consisted in saying to the ward orderlies, "You can't get that without the Colonel's O. K." The orderly would then go to the Colonel, who would bawl him out for bringing an order to his office on any other day than the one designated for O. K.-ing. All red tape complied with, the orderly would return to Schmitty, who would blandly remark, "We don't have anything like that in the building."

WILLIAM F. SCHMIDT, PRIVATE

"Schmidt — William" he was called at roll call to distinguish him from Schmidt—Thomas, who came first. He was an amiable fellow with a weakness for keeping us awake painting the beauties of peace, which he said "had her victories no less renowned than war." There can be no doubt but that his sympathetic manner soothed many a nervous sufferer in his ward, i.e., if he wasn't talking about peace. Schmitty was guilty of one military offense; once on guard he lost a cognac victim for five minutes. Guards escorted prisoners to the general mess hall and they found seats wherever they could — together or separate, *ça ne fait rien*; nevertheless the guard, who had to snatch a bite himself, was held strictly accountable if the prisoner were ill-natured enough to vanish, and he had to pay the penalty. This wasn't so bad as it seems. All the guards lost cognac prisoners who belonged to our unit, but no one else was unlucky enough to be caught.

RAYMOND J. SEEVERS, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Raymond just knew he would make good and he reported his anticipated promotion in advance so as to make a scoop with the homefolks. He never was officially promoted, but never was fired. A promise is a promise, and the boys felt that he was what might be called a moral non-com even if he was not an official one, and so from the first he was known as Sergeant Seevers.

ABRAM P. SHAUB, PRIVATE

Abram P. Shaub has had varied experiences both in France and America. As a barber in our unit he made many enemies with his informal hair-cutting; but later, looking for his bright face at the incinerator every day, we forgot his surface faults and grew to know the man inside — in Abram's bosom, not in the incinerator. One Saturday Abe didn't stand at attention when the Commander made his rounds — hence the incinerator. But all of us but for the grace of God would have gone where Abram went, so we don't hold that against him.

JOHN D. SHECAG, PRIVATE

John or "Chief" Shecag represented the very *first* Americans in Base Hospital 68. The chief for a time was in a ward, but he found that chasing the duck was a more prosaic thing than chasing the wild deer, so he was transferred to the cans. John was hot-tempered after sundown and often made night hideous with his disputes. But all the boys liked him in spite of this, and a party was not a party without John's presence.

GEORGE F. SHEETS, SERGEANT

Our genial Q. M. Sergeant, George Sheets, followed scripture by clothing the naked, but departed therefrom when he told the owner of a thirty-four waist that a forty blouse was a perfect fit. Those doughboys he had to fit were not altogether easy and he and his assistants deserve great credit that their honest open faces could get away with this sort of thing. George's last days at Mars were spent on a sort of detached service at the General Quartermaster's buildings. He had spent his seven-day leave in the Alps and feared that our commanding officer in an ironic consistency would supplement his training on skis by a training on skids.

HOWARD J. SHELLENHEIMER, PRIVATE

Shellenheimer is Worth's rival, not our Sergeant Bob, but Worth of Paris, who "paints the lily" and makes woman more beautiful with his Parisian gowns. He probably owes his life to his sewing machine. In his leisure moments he invariably became the center of an argument as to the advantages of his native Hershey over the rest of the world. Voices were raised and fists doubled and all that saved Shelly was the call to his shop to sew on a wound stripe or some first lieutenant's braid on the coat of a proud ex-shavetail. Be advised, Howard, that life has other requirements besides Hershey's Almond Bars.

ROBERT L. SHIFFLET, PRIVATE

Bob Shifflet has a little son whom he never saw until he returned from the war. Bob and all his companions could have recognized the youngster, because its daddy showed his baby's picture to everybody, as a daddy should. Bob is proud of his young son and the boy will be proud of his father as soon as he grows old enough to know what that word means.

GEORGE E. SHRINER, PRIVATE

Shriner tired of army life and went to Nevers. On his return, he was put on the other end of the Sanitary Pole with Mannier, and for sixty days the penalizing pole was carried by two broad smiles and two of the huskiest men in our outfit. Lieutenant Ewing, our receiving officer, said that Shriner and Mannier carried more patients from the hospital trains than any other of our litter bearers. They were first on this job and last off. And Lieutenant Ewing's testimony is no light praise.

WALTER J. SHUMAKER, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Shumaker confessed to being the village cut-up at home. Besides his interrupted career in a ward, he was assigned to answer fire call as one of the hospital firemen, but fortunately for us he never had to do it except for practice. It might be well to mention right here that all our practice alarms in France were much better in performance than the real fire alarm we had at Camp Crane when the big auditorium was destroyed. Many times at Mars we were thrilled by the bugle's stirring notes in the fire alarm, and then Shumaker dropped all other work at once to pace to the scene of action; but the alarm was never anything but an excuse to give the fellows a run with our handsome chemical engine and a few buckets of water that hung more or less full from brackets on the outside walls of every ward.

GEORGE L. SHUTER, SERGEANT, 1ST CLASS

When George Shuter was made our sergeant-major we all felt that we had been robbed of a good field sergeant. But we all liked George so much we couldn't grudge him his promotion. George was almost as sweet a "song bird" as Eadie or Perdue; and many a time in Camp Crane, as we tramped around the oval, did we listen to his musical rendition of "one, two, three, four, hep — hep — hep — hep." It sounded like dinner chimes or a cuckoo clock, and put him in a very different class from Corporal Thompson, who used to march us past Muhlenberg College with an insistence on "hep"-ing, which good infantry officers frown upon.

At Mars, George didn't have time to learn even the location of Moiry. This was due to confinement at office work and he used to leave the Colonel's office with a haggard face. When he goes back home to Akron to hear the familiar ring of the cash register at Shuter's Bootery the customers will see lines in his face they never saw before.

CHARLES G. SIMCOX, PRIVATE

Simcox worked pretty steadily in the operating room, where he saw many grizzly sights. Sim had to school himself to such sights and sounds, at times with difficulty, but succeeded pretty well. Sim and Hosier used to carry one man to the operating room every day, so that the surgeons could dress a fearful rip half way up the back and probe for a chunk of shrapnel in his spine. This young officer with hair gray from his experiences, but with a smiling face, would always greet Sim and Brownie with the same high courage. He would reach for a cigarette and sing out, "Here come the undertakers." It pleased all the boys when we received a newspaper from America with this officer's picture, telling of his safe arrival and of his actually reaching home unescorted and under his own steam. Truly our surgeons wrought miracles in France.

WILLIAM H. SIMPSON, PRIVATE

Simpson's work was divided between the Q. M. and special detail work. William's artistic temperament was a joy to his fellows. He labelled our barracks, bags, printed special signs for our one-way boulevards, designed caricatures and current cartoons, etc. His chef d'oeuvre, the "Partee Toot Sweet" good-by sign at our farewell-to-France feast, by common judgment was voted a masterpiece.

CHARLES W. SOLLENBERGER, PRIVATE

Sollenberger helped Kohlhofer out in the plumbing shop, but his delight was in his unofficial position of purchasing agent. He began on the *Leviathan*, where he secured a special pass which took him from stem to stern, seeking for cigarettes, candies, and cakes for his more restricted companions. And every week at Mars he would sling his pack on his back and make a raid on the shops of St. Parize for people whose daily labours had wearied them too much to make the journey.

ROBERT SPECK, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Speck of Forty-eight was a dental mechanic whom Sixty-eight desired, and a fair exchange was made. Our unit was famous for a lack of dental equipment. According to their politics, our men laid the blame on the Democrats or Von Tirpitz. In fairness it should be assumed that a Hun shark was at fault; and it is to be hoped that his teeth were set on edge by such a meal. Speck conducted his clinics in Base Hospital 35, our next door neighbor, and there he extracted offending teeth for our own boys and bits of shrapnel from the jaws of our patients and even the horses. And if a Ford crank caught any one in the chin, Speck would set the fractured parts.

CHARLES STEINMAN, PRIVATE

Despite his nickname of "the reclining orderly," this good-looking person from Springfield, Ohio, carried behind an indolent exterior a passion to punish the Prussian. His home paper published his martial picture and his words to the effect that we wouldn't be back till it's over over there. The ladies love a soldier, and even at Camp Crane Charles became famous for the attentions he received from the local belles.

CLYDE SURGENT, POSTMASTER

"Si" caught the mantle that fell from the shoulders of Corporal Thompson when the corporal, like Elijah, was called to higher duties; and Si has since led a life that only uncounted cigars could have sustained. In mud or ice, in boots or hobnails, Si would come around twice a day and tell you there wasn't any mail; and what we said to Si won't be printed, for the editor wouldn't stand for it. But sometimes he did deliver letters from home, and mailed ours too, because they were occasionally acknowledged.

STEPHEN J. SUVADA, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

When the bands played "Onward, Christian Soldiers," Steve's shoulders straightened up, for Steve was a spiritual descendant of John Huss, making Sixty-eight richer by a nice admixture of the faith of John Wesley and the blood of the Czecho-Slavs. History does not tell us that Mr. Wesley saved *all* the souls of his naughty world; neither, in his more modest sphere, did Stephen save all of ours; but he tried his best. One of our officers was swearing in good army style with a vocabulary excusable in no officer. Steve lifted his voice and said, "Sir, you ought to know better than that." The officer did know better and apologized forthwith. Steve was always doing things like this which called for real courage, and he always got away with them.

CLARENCE H. SUAVESKY, SERGEANT, 1ST CLASS

This austere and pious-appearing individual strafed the Hun behind his typewriter in the sergeant major's office. He was well qualified to meet and conquer the trials of our late unpleasantness, having prepared for the army by study in a theological seminary. The sergeant reads those poems of Tennyson which have to do with the heart. He is a great pinochle player and his popular question is, "Shall we play pinochle or go home, which?" But he should worry, as SHE promised to wait.

JOSEPH B. SYGULKA, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Sygulka by day was ward master of Ward 18 but by night he was chairman of a committee on the grievances of the enlisted man. Every one on this committee agreed that Sherman's definition of war was too conservative, even in the S. O. S. The Colonel never wore blues, but it made him sore to see Joe imitating his O. D.'s. He ordered Joe to wear blues and draw ten dollars less the next payday. After that Joe showed a marked preference for his overalls.

HARRY TANSEY, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Tansey is our one companion who lost his heart in France. However, that was all right and a bargain made by "just exchange, one for the other given"; and the happy pair have arranged to live in America happily ever afterwards. It is suggested that when Mrs. Tansey acquires a more fluent use of English she may perhaps write sonnets to her beloved, even bringing in a casual reference to flowers, for Tansey makes an elegant rhyme with pansy. Harry is given due warning that the course of true love will run very rough if he ever tries to make his wife any bread puddings like those he inflicted on us at Brest.

DONALD K. TAYLOR, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Taylor's horn-rimmed glasses gave a scholarly air to his ward work, fatigue work, litter carrying, or what not. Donald's career in France began on the water front at Brest, helping to guard our baggage when we had debarked from the *Leviathan*. His residence was a freight penthouse, his bed our lumpy barracks bags, and for evening company the rats did their best to enliven things. His grub wasn't rich. Three times a day he had to line up with our darky stevedores, surrender a meal ticket, and receive a pint of bitter black coffee, a bad potato, a hunk of bread, and a chunk of sow-belly (with not a streak of lean). Donald's associations made him feel dirty, so he asked where he could take a bath. Some one pointed to the wonderful harbor of Brest and said, "If you go into the water between those two sewers you can swim out to where it is clean," which he did.

GEORGE THORP, PRIVATE

Thorp was one of our plumbers. As his boss never rendered bills for time consumed, he tried to have the right tools on hand for the right job, thus saving extra and profitless labor in avoiding the cost-growing methods of his civilian

days. George's profession suffered an eclipse after we left Mars. At Le Pallet water for drinking came only from Lister bags and the boys washed only at the edge of the creek. It was truly picturesque to see a platoon of khaki-clad Narcissi performing their toilettes in the mirror of the pool, but the boys were unanimous that despite the picturesque features in France, American plumbing was more sanitary, handier, and preferable in every way.

LYLE H. VAN ARSDALE, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Lyle H. Van Arsdale had it pretty soft. When our hospital began to function, Van formed a partnership with Leo Martin, and these two managed that treasure trove, our kitchen storeroom. Van also helped our French interpreter, Sergeant Rosseau, to purchase eggs and milk at the nearby farms. Van was noted for his pacific tendencies and it was appropriate to choose him to guard the interests of Sixty-eight at the Peace Conferences at Paris, where he was sent, during our last days, to assist the other American diplomats as an orderly, a notable job for one so young.

HERBERT B. VANDERHOOF, CORPORAL

"We're not putting anything out." "One slice of bread there." "What the hell do you think this is, the Ritz-Carlton?" "Give them all the corned willie they want." "No seconds on anything they like." It is one of the army's mysteries that a man who says these things can remain popular. How does he do it? By passing the buck. He blames the "chow" on Leavenworth. Sergeant Leavenworth says it's Scottie's fault; and Lieutenant Scott says the Colonel won't stand for anything that's fit to eat. So there you are.

HAROLD F. VIELE, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Harold Viele was known to the members of our unit as "Calamity Jane." His main occupation was to lie around in a state of depression and kill all good rumors that were ever started. Viele's civilian calling was that of pharmacist, his military callings were orderly and K. P. His position as ward orderly was somewhat more suitable but hard on the heart strings. We never had any ice and for a ward full of fifty men, anæmic with starvation and bleeding, we had two hot water bags and a smoky little oil stove on which to heat the water. Viele was entitled to his pessimism. Any other attitude would have reflected on his discretion. But what would you have? *C'est la guerre.*

ROBERT F. WAGNER, PRIVATE

Bob tried four times to enter the army and finally passed the examination for the position of K. P., where defective hearing is a prerequisite, as an efficient K. P. should be deaf to the remarks of his fellows. Bob was also a bricklayer, and he made a wonderful fireplace in the officers' ballroom. Yes, Bob, your bricks did the trick.

WILLIAM H. WALKER, PRIVATE

It is irreverent to call the mental casualties of this war "nuts," but such was our slang term and this is a history to set it down. Walker's job was to minister to the mind diseased, for the night turn in Ward 12. Sweet oblivious antidotes were not always at hand to pluck from the memory its rooted sorrow; for instance, one day fearful shrieks aroused the whole hospital; a poor "nut" had slipped away to escape, as he said, "from the cutting and the bleeding and the dying" in his ward. Four of our men had an awful fight to secure him and drag him back. One man from the front line hell came to us deaf as a post, shaking with the palsy of shell-shock. Nothing was wrong with him, he protested; the field surgeon had made a mistake, and he demanded an instant return to his unit. He stayed with us, however, for over two months. Walker might fill a book with such experiences. Can one's legs become sympathetically shell-shocked from work in a ward? At Le Pallet, awaiting embarkation orders, we pill-rollers had to attain a certain proficiency in drill so that we might not cast discredit on Mr. Newton D. Baker's army. Poor Walker's legs could not catch the cadence at all. The rest of us had it at times, and his total inability was a thorn in the flesh—not that any of us gave a darn for the cadence except that we felt that the sooner we looked like soldiers in France the sooner could we look like civilians in America.

RAY WATKINS, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

Not all of our men knew the routine of the kitchen police. Watkins knew it, however, as he held no other job at Mars. Roll call was held at 6 A.M. and those who answered "present" enjoyed a day off every ten days. Poor Watkins loved to sleep till 6.30 every morning, and very few of these outings did he enjoy. After roll call the daily grind began that was to last all day, seven days in the week, until 5.30 or 6.30 P.M.,—slinging detachment hash, cleaning pots and utensils, sweeping out, paring potatoes, or opening cans with a cleaver, noon mess call, — and repeating the same program three times a day, a dreary round. When the men used to ask, "Who won the war?" mockingly answering their own question by thundering "The M. P.'s," the truth might have been better served by cutting out the mockery and responding in sincerity, "The K. P.'s." Napoleon endorsed this view when he wrote, "An army travels on its belly."

JOHN WEISNER, PRIVATE

Weisner refused to be interviewed by the biographer, but investigation discloses the fact that he worked hard in Ward 16 with Steinman. Anybody who worked with Steinman had to work hard. Also, few in our unit had a more highly polished skating-rink under their overseas caps.

JONATHAN E. WHEATLEY, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

When our electric wiring was first installed, the results were rotten and candles were used to supplement the current. Wheatley was our electrician, and

the Colonel attributing this result to his work, put him in charge of the patients' mess. The sawmill which furnished us power was shy a generator, and Edison couldn't have secured more current from it: but when the missing machinery was installed and the sawmill wasn't broken down, our dark nights were as bright as day and Wheatley was vindicated. Wheatley had a hard time in the patients' mess hall; the patients thought they were entitled to spoons when they had soup, but Wheatley had to show them how to mop it up with a hunk of bread. He had a far from sufficient stock of spoons and from this insufficiency he had to surrender a number for the benefit of our German prisoners.

JOHN K. WILLIAMS, SERGEANT

With Martin, Suvada, and Suavesky, Williams made up our theological quartet. The boys appreciated the uplifting influence of their sacred calling, but hid their religious fervor within their breasts, lest jealous outsiders call Sixty-eight sanctimonious. Private Williams engineered our first Sunday services in France at our bivouac near Brest. We had some very manly addresses and some very manly prayers, and the democracy of the church drew men and officers together. However, this service spelled Williams's release from our crowd; the Colonel had attended our meeting and Williams became a sergeant. At Mars, Williams's duties were manifold; he administered the last rites to the dying; he located a second-hand piano and negotiated its purchase for us; he held a Bible class; and he sold candies, cakes, cigars, and cigarettes. Shortly before the signing of the armistice he was given a chaplain's commission in an infantry regiment. One night every week some of the fellows collected in Sergeant Williams's canteen; two or three candles were lighted, the door was locked against a casual purchaser of cigarettes, and then a discussion of the Bible was in order. Arguments raised voices, loud enough sometimes to awaken Naldi or Reilly lying at the other end of the building sleeping the sleep of quartermaster's exhaustion. With no precedent in the annals of any faith, they would yell at us "Pipe down," roll over, and resume their snores. At these meetings Dugan held a brief for Rome, Suvada for John Wesley, Martin for Calvin, Carpenter for Princeton University, and Jimmy Barlow for the labor unions of his home town, Manchester, England; Williams was moderator. This was a kaleidoscope, some one will say. In a way it was, but only as America is one or Nature is one. Elements conflicting with each other were brought together and to their surprise and delight found that they were different perhaps in species, but all of one genus, all tending to make up the perfect union that some day will be America and some day — the church of God. The boys were glad to hear of Williams's promotion to a chaplaincy, but genuinely sorry to lose him as a companion, for he was a square man and an influence for good among us.

JOHN A. WHEELER, Cook

Wheeler had never seen French peasants taking a day off to gather a donkey-load of twigs and brush for firewood. He used to think the French were spend-thrifts of Nature, like their American friends; but one day, when the Colonel found him using good cord wood to keep the pot boiling, the stove wasn't the

only place in the kitchen where they had hell fire; and Wheeler began to learn the value of fuel in France. However, he did ask a very pertinent question — of the boys. It would have been *impertinent* had he asked the Colonel, "How in hell can a fellow keep a fire going on coal dust?" Wheeler had always been in the kitchen, and as the C. O. couldn't rub it in any more, he left him there.

CLARENCE WILLIAMSON, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

While Fred Jones exterminated cooties in our clothing, Williamson did the same for our bodies, being responsible with Hemerly for the hot water showers under which we reveled. Williamson would always tell us we could not use the bathtubs as they consumed too much hot water, being there for the sake of being whenever a "big bug" made an inspection. Then we would turn on the hot water faucet under the showers and take a nice cold bath, although sometimes when we were preoccupied we might get scalded. But many a cootie owes Williamson a grudge, for in Williamson's bathhouse he was robbed of a snug, warm home. We had a dandy, red-hot fire going all the time in the bathhouse, and the fame of it spread so far and wide that Williamson was kept busy chasing Buttinskis from other units away from our precious monopoly.

ROY B. WILLIS, SERGEANT, 1ST CLASS

Willis was Lieutenant Ewing's assistant in the Receiving Ward. When he wasn't classifying, codifying, or cataloguing the incoming wounded according to the best quality of army red tape, he would go around the wards with the Disability Board and look for dross among the "gold bricks" and see that the poor fellows shot up beyond mending were sent home as "D" patients. Willis studied Roentgen rays and radiography intensively; and he and Lieutenant Ewing set up our X-ray machine as soon as the armistice was signed. But this study won't be unavailing study; as soon as he is discharged he will go back to Los Angeles and he will show the movie masters how to photograph ghosts.

WALTER WILSON, PRIVATE

Walter Wilson, whose initials stand for "watchful waiting," silently feels the thoughts voiced by his great brother in the White House. He never forgot the wonders of America and the blessings of Urbana, Illinois. He was not a conscientious objector, but an avowed pacifist, and in season and out has always preached on the beauties of peace. Once he acquires a suit of "civilians" another European war can't take it away from him.

LAWRENCE A. WOLF, PRIVATE

Wolf had many different duties at many different times. When he was appointed ward orderly, he frequently developed an F. U. O. N. Y. D. which our passion for the brevity of initials substitutes for the more intelligible "Fever undetermined; origin not yet diagnosed." Lawrence struck his true metier at

the "Park," a nickname of the envious for our Medical Supply Department. In the Park our mule grazed and sometimes kicked, but not in business hours, because Lawrence was too busy dispensing his stock in trade, such as one half cake of Ivory soap (if one's order requested a full cake), mopheads, hospital linen, and supplies for the pharmacy and operating pavilion.

GEORGE WOLFORD, PRIVATE, 1ST CLASS

George Wolford was always to be seen at his post in the kitchen with a smile and a good word. Was it remorse that made your record here so good? Nobody in Sixty-eight will ever forget you on the *Leviathan*, where you gave such ample promise of heading our long and honored list of court-martialed victims. We had been told that possibly the next hour we would all be floating on a raft on the bosom of the deep, and each man had to carry a life-preserver jacket and a canteen full of water. After "abandon ship drill" the officers examined our canteens. And George's was empty! Fie, George, how could you?

ROBERT WORTH, SERGEANT, 1ST CLASS

Bob wanted to go to France. Sixty-eight had to have some one to complete its quota, so we took him, and then we took the *Leviathan*. At our camp at Mars, Worth was given two able assistants, Lake and Mennen, and these three were planted in the Medical Supply Building, better known as the "Park." The unequipped wards were filling up rapidly with wounded men and the ward orderlies fairly swamped them with requisitions for their immediate requirements. They had to issue at once a thousand beds and mattresses with blankets and linen, besides hospital equipment, and this place which was to degenerate into a loafers' paradise was as busy as the Stock Exchange. Nothing but praise is due Bob.

OFFICERS

COL. R. C. HEFLEBOWER, age thirty-four years.

Graduate: Medical Department George Washington University, 1906.

Degree: M.D.

Home Address: 616 E Street, N.E., Washington, D. C.

LT. COL. A. E. HALSTEAD, 30 N. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

MAJ. E. H. SITER, age fifty years.

Graduate: University of Pennsylvania, 1897.

Degree: M.D.

Home Address: 1818 South Rittenhouse Square (also Philadelphia Club)
Philadelphia, Pa. Commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel, Medical Corps,
May, 1919.

CAPT. WALTER A. WOOD, age forty-four years.

Graduate: Oberlin College, 1896.

Degree: A.B.

Graduate: University of Pennsylvania, 1901.

Degree: M.D.

Home Address: 255 South 16th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Commissioned Major, Medical Corps, February, 1919.

CAPT. WILLIAM J. CIRCE, age thirty-nine years.

Graduate: Cooper Medical College, San Francisco, Cal.

Degree: M.D., April 29, 1902.

Home Address: Carson, Nev.

Commissioned Major, Medical Corps, May 5, 1919.

CAPT. JEROME KINGSBURY, age forty-seven years.

Graduate: New York University and Bellevue, 1897.

Degree: M.D.

Home Address: 32 W. 48th Street, New York, N. Y.

CAPT. RICHARD S. PEARSE, age forty-two years.

Graduate: Rutgers College, 1898.

Degree: B.S. and M.S.

Graduate: New York Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital, 1902.

Degree: M.D.

Home Address: 830 Quincy Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CAPT. ROBERT N. SEVERANCE, age forty-three years.

Graduate: Dartmouth Medical School.

Degree: M.D.

Home Address: Salmagundi Club, New York, N. Y.

Commissioned Major, Medical Corps, February 17, 1919.

CAPT. FREDERICK C. TARR, age twenty-two years.

Graduate: Johns Hopkins University.

Degree: A.B. 1915; A.M. 1917.

Home Address: Baltimore, Md.

CAPT. C. S. BUNGART, age forty years.

Four years at Colorado Agricultural College.

Graduate: University of Medicine (Colorado, Missouri), 1902.

Degree: M.D.

Home Address: Fort Smith, Arkansas.

CAPT. JAMES W. ANDRIST, age forty-four years.

Graduate: University of Minnesota.

Northern Indiana College of Pharmacy.

Rush Medical College.

Degrees: Ph.G. and M.D. (No dates given.)

Home Address: Owatonna, Minn.

FIRST LIEUT. J. R. BROBST, age twenty-eight years.

Graduate: Bloomsbury Literary Institute, 1909.

Jefferson Medical College, 1913.

Degree: M.D.

Home Address: Bloomsburg, Pa.

1ST LT. CHONNER P. CHUMLEY, age twenty-eight years.

Graduate: University of Oklahoma, 1916.

Degree: M.D.

Home Address: 201 American National Bank Bldg., Oklahoma City, Okla.

1ST LT. HARRY A. CONTE, age twenty-nine years.

Graduate: Yale University, 1910.

Degree: M.D.

Graduate: Long Island College Hospital.

Home Address: 312 St. John Street, New Haven, Conn.

1ST LT. OSCAR F. COX, age thirty-one years.

Graduate: Tufts Medical School, 1913.

Degree: M.D.

Home Address: 877 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

1ST LT. LESLIE H. EWING, age twenty-eight years.

Graduate: Jefferson Medical College, 1911.

Degree: M.D.

Home Address: Cape May City, N. J.

Commissioned Captain, Medical Corps, February 17, 1919.

1ST LT. SHAUL GEORGE, age forty-two years.

Graduate: Northwestern University, 1904.

Degrees: B.S., M.D.

Home Address: 308 So. Highland Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Commissioned Captain, Medical Corps, February 17, 1919.

1ST LT. PAUL W. GIESSLER, age thirty-three years.

Graduate: University of Minnesota, 1914.

Degrees: B.S., M.D.

Home Address: Minneapolis, Minn.

Commissioned Captain, Medical Corps, February 17, 1919.

1ST. LT. ROBERT M. HAMILTON, age twenty-six years.

One year at Lowell Textile School (no degree, no graduation).

Home Address: South Winchester, Conn.

1ST LT. ROSCOE C. JENNINGS, age twenty-eight years.

Graduate: Atlanta Dental College, 1917.

Degree: D.D.S.

Home Address: Rome, Ga.

Commissioned Captain, Dental Corps, May, 1919.

1ST LT. ADOLPH J. JOLE, age thirty-four years.

No record of college courses.

Home Address: Auburndale, Wis.

1ST LT. HENRY A. KREUTZMANN, age twenty-seven years.

Graduate: University of Pennsylvania, 1916.

Degree: M.D.

Home Address: San Francisco, Cal.

1ST LT. CHARLES R. LINGLE, age thirty-three years.

Graduate: Dickinson College, 1907.

Degree: Ph.B.

Graduate: Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia, 1911.

Degrees: A.M., M.D.

Home Address: Middletown, Pa.

1ST LT. ALOYSIUS B. MABY, age twenty-five years.

Graduate: New York Homeopathic Medical College, 1912.

Degree: M.D.

Home Address: Cohoes, N. Y.

1ST LT. CLAUDE C. McLEAN, age thirty-three years.

Graduate: Vanderbilt University.

Home Address: Empire Bldg., Birmingham, Ala.

1ST LT. GUY P. McNAUGHTON, age thirty years.

Graduate: Memphis Hospital Medical College, 1912.

Degree: M.D.

Home Address: Miami, Okla.

1ST LT. GEORGE R. NARRLEY, age forty years.

Graduate: St. Louis College P. and S., 1908; also two years at Keokuk Dental College.

Degrees: M.D. and D.D.S.

Home Address: Keokuk, Iowa.

1ST LT. THOMAS P. O'CONNOR, age twenty-seven years.

Graduate: Creighton University (no date given).

Degree: M.D.

Home Address: 3324 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

1st Lt. SAMUEL PARNASS, age twenty-nine years.

Graduate: Long Island College Hospital, 1911.

Degree: M.D.

Home Address: Herkimer Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

1st Lt. MILTON W. PLATT, age thirty-one years.

Graduate: Albany Medical College, 1908.

Degree: M.D.

Home Address: 131½ Noble St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Commissioned Captain, Medical Corps, May, 1919.

1st Lt. ALPHA R. SAWYER, age thirty-seven years.

Graduate: McGill University, Medical Department, 1905.

Degree: M.D.C.M.

Home Address: 8 Conway Street, Boston, Mass.

Office Address: 483 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Commissioned Captain, Medical Corps, February 17, 1919.

1st Lt. ROBERT SORY, age thirty-nine years.

Graduate: University of Nashville, 1900.

Degree: M.D.

Home Address: Madisonville, Ky.

1st Lt. TRUMAN L. STICKNEY, age thirty-one years.

Graduate: University of Minnesota, 1911.

Degree: D.D.S.

Home Address: Crookston, Minn.

Commissioned Captain, Dental Corps, May, 1919.

1st Lt. JOSEPH C. VAUGHN, age thirty years.

Degree: M.D. (College not given.)

Home Address: Ahoskie, N. C.



OFFICERS OF BASE HOSPITAL No. 68

1st Lt. ISRAEL WEINSTEIN, age twenty-five years.

Graduate: New York University, 1913.

College of City of New York, A.B.

Columbia University, M.A.

New York University, Doctor of Science.

Home Address: Care of Mrs. R. L. Kahn, 135 Hooper St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

2d Lt. LOUIS E. DEGROAT, age twenty-four years.

Three years at Syracuse University; no degree, no graduation.

Home Address: Hornell, N. Y.

Records of following officers are either very incomplete or missing entirely.

CAPT. WILLIAM H. JOHNSON.

1st Lt. CHARLES B. RYDELL.

1st Lt. SOTHRON J. SCOTT.

CHAPLAIN—WILLIAM J. GIBSON, 313 Prospect Avenue, Scranton, Pa. Ordained a priest July 3, 1908. Studied at St. Thomas College, Scranton; Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.; Catholic University, Washington, D. C. Entered army as K. of C. Chaplain September, 1917. Commissioned in National Army, October, 1917. Joined Base Hospital No. 68 November 30, 1918.

A LITTLE MESSAGE FROM COLONEL HEFLEBOWER

A year has rolled by since we said "Adios," and many times during that time have I wished that I was back with that old outfit that I learned to love so well. Never could any officer wish to command an organization composed of more loyal, enthusiastic, and hard-working officers, nurses, and enlisted men.

Since I left you I have seen many other hospitals, and while comparisons are odious, I feel that I can rightly say that "Sixty-eight" can well be proud of its little home and the work it did at Mars. As we look back we can each recall those endless days of toil, and those sleepless nights, which are now a pleasant memory. And as we retrace our steps we can but be glad that we had a part in the great game over there.

But as we read these pages and again live those days, let us not forget those nurses and men of our little family who paid the supreme sacrifice. That their sacrifice may not have been in vain, let each of us more firmly resolve to do our utmost to make still more lofty the ideals of citizenship in the dear country that they died to save.

Again I wish you each and every one continued and ever-increasing prosperity and happiness. I hope that we will never be called upon to fight another war, but should such misfortune befall, then I sincerely hope that I shall have the great fortune to serve with another such organization of as great and noble men and women as those who composed "Sixty-eight."

CAMP SHERMAN, OHIO,
January 8, 1920.



ARMY NURSE CORPS, BASE HOSPITAL No. 68, A. E. F.

NURSES

- ANDERSON, NORA EMILIE, St. Hilaire, Minn.
BAETKE, EMMA KATHERINE, Boyden, Iowa.
BARKER, RHODA IRENE, Care Joseph Barker, R.F.D. No. 8, Athens, Ohio.
BECKER, LILIAN SIDNEY, New York.
BERLIN, ORLENE, 318 13th Ave., East, Hutchinson, Kans.
BINDEMAN, ANNA KATHERINE, Louisville, Ky.
BLACKMORE, NANNIE HOLMES, Delaplane, Va.
BRYAN, MRS. ELLEN DOUGLAS, Little Rock, Ark.
CALLOWAY, ELSIE ADELAIDE, Washington, D.C.
CAMPBELL, MRS. KATE McK., now Mrs. K. Leith, 300 W. 49th Street.
New York City.
CANTWELL, NORA KATHRYN, Mingus, Texas.
CLEBERG, MATHILDA, R.F.D., Rio, Wis.
DODD, ELSIE MAY, Care Mrs. H. M. Dodd, Calhoun, Ga.
FLYNN, HELEN MARY, 7439 Clyde Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
GAGNE, ROSE M., Hayward, Wis.
GLOCK, MABEL MELISSA, 1020 St. Joe Boulevard, Fort Wayne, Ind.
GORITY, MARY NAOMI, Care John Gority, 230 Lexington Avenue, Altoona,
Pa.
GREEN, MRS. LENA J. F., Urbandale, Mich.
GROSS, INEZ ALBA, Care Mrs. Kitty B. Blanchard, 1143 Hugh Street, Fort
Wayne, Ind.
GUNN, LULA VIRGINIA, 5th Street and 40th Avenue, Meridian, Miss.
HALEY, HELEN MARGARET, North 8th Street, Gladwin, Mich.
HILTON, HELEN PORTIA, Pontiac, Mich.
HINES, MARGARET C., Chicago, Ill.
HINSON, MATTIE LOU, Care of Mrs. K. M. Dumas, Thomasville, Ala.
HIRSCHMANN, CECILE, Charleston, S. C.
HORN, NELLIE LOUISE, Care of Mrs. John Horn, 838 Bank Street,
Webster City, Ia.
HOSTRANDER, FLORENCE P., Leetonia, Pa.
HYNNEMANN, KATHERINE, Care of H. E. McDonald, Chestnut Hill
Rd., Norwalk, Conn.
INMAN, BERNICE C., Sibley, Ia.
IRVING, BESSIE R., Ravenna, Mich., R. F. D. No. 3.
JOYCE, ANN CLARE, Verona, Pa.
KEACH, DOLA JOHNSON, 38 North Jay Street, Battle Creek, Mich.
KEMP, MARION TABOR, Care of Dr. Z. Willis Kemp, Kingston, N. H.
KENNEDY, M. ALICE, Care of Mrs. Lewis Dingley, 704 So. State Street,
Springfield, Ill.
KERUTIS, MARY AGNES, Wanamie, Pa.

- KEYSER, FRANCES FOLSOM, Zanesville, Wells Co., Indiana.
KINNEY, HELEN MARY, Wauwatosa, Wis.
KRAUS, LEONA EMMA, Beaver Dam, Wis., Rural Route 3.
LANE, MABEL WILMA, Stockport, Ohio.
LEHMAN, IVA ALICE, Firestone Tire and Rubber Co., Firestone Hospital, Akron, Ohio.
LIPCZYNSKI, HELENE MARJORIE, Buffalo, N. Y.
LOWELL, AGNES MARY, Care of Dr. W. H. Lowell, 18 E. Orange Street, Lancaster, Pa.
MACDONALD, RUBY MAY, Care of Mrs. E. Thornton, 756 Reille Avenue, Verdun City, Montreal, Can.
McCUNE, MARIE MARGUERITE, 10923 Churchill Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.
McGRAIL, LORETTA AURELIA, Care of Mrs. Margaret McGrail, 1240 Lynn Street, Parkersburg, W. Va.
McGRATH, MARY HELENA, 2313 No. 10th Street, Kansas City, Kan.
McKEE, CLARA ORA, Newton, Kansas.
McLAUGHLIN, ANNE CORNELIA, Care of Mrs. H. P. McLaughlin, Mason-Dixon, Pennsylvania.
McQUEENY, EMILY M., 112 Clark Avenue, Chelsea, Mass.
MAGRATH, KATHERINE C., 12 Rutledge Avenue, Charleston, S. C.
MAGUIRE, LUCY CATHERINE, Birmingham, Ala., Box 42.
MATHISEN, EDYTHE, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MURPHY, AGNES ANN, Cleveland, Ohio.
OCHSNER, EMMA EDNA, Alpena, S. D.
PENDERGAST, BESS, Care of Mrs. W. S. Link, 1031 Quincy Street, Parkersburg, W. Va.
PETERSON, LOIS PAULINE, Idaho Falls, Idaho.
PETERSON, MYRTLE AGNES, Cedarhurst Place, Stratford, Ia.
PLETCHER, LUCY MYRTLE, Howard, Pa.
POLLOCK, JEAN, White Heather Cottage, Bayshova-Heypart, N. J.
QUINN, MAUDE ALPHONSE, 34 Tyng Street, Portland, Me.
REID, JEANETTE, Westville, Pictou Co., Nova Scotia, R. F. D. No. 1.
RIDDLE, FLOWE, Bowling Green, S. C.
SAND, SELMA VICTORIA, Petersburg, N. D.
SCHAMBER, HILDEGARD, Care of John Schamber, Rapid City, S. D.
SEIGMAN, WALBURGHA R., 3205 W. 31st Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
SHEERAN, CATHERINE RAPHAEL, 270 Paulison Avenue, Passaic, N. J.
SHILLING, LEOTA JANE, Care of Wm. Shilling, Burket, Ind., R. F. D. No. 1.
SHUMWAY, ROSE LILLIAN, Care of Chas. J. Shumway, Bradford, Vt.
SIEBURG, DOROTHY CAROLINE, Fairmont, Minn.
SILL, IDA FAYE, Care of Mr. Carl A. Sill, 320 Second Avenue, Leavenworth, Kans.

SLATER, MARGARET ANNA, Care of Lucy L. Slater, 840 Hope Street,
Los Angeles, Cal.

SPOHR, ELIZABETH, 1416 North Main Street, Santa Ana, Cal.

STEVENSON, HELEN AVILA, Hightstown, N. J.

STEWART, ANNA MAY, Care of Mrs. Alfred Sword, Wyoming, Luzerne
County, Pa.

SVENSON, HULDA, Care of Mrs. Townsend, Oyster Bay, L. I., N. Y.

SWEeley, PEARLE IVA, Wakonda, S. D.

WATLAND, ANNE MARGARET, Jackson, Minn.

WEBER, MINA JOSEPHINE, Centerville, Mich.

WELLS, MILDRED RAE, Sayre, Pa.

WHITE, EDYTHE GWENDOLYN, Care of Mrs. H. J. White, Golden Gate,
Ill., R. F. D. No. 1.

WHITMIRE, NEOMA BLANCHE, Lock Haven Hospital, Lock Haven, Pa.

WILLIAMS, MARY, 701 E. Pine Street, Mahoney City, Schuylkill County,
Pa.

WOHLERS, MARGUERITE H., 81 E. Base Street, Charleston, S. C.

WOODBURY, FANNIE ETHEL, 1110 Clinton Blvd., Bloomington, Ill.

WOODS, ADELAIDE ELESa, Liberty Corner, N. J.

WOODZELL, MARJORIE DICE, Warrenton, Va.

WOOLEVER, EDNA R., Montoursville, Pa.

WYETH, MARY ELIZABETH, Care of Ross Wyeth, 1260 Hillsdale Avenue,
Dormont, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ZENTNER, OLGA WILHEMINA, Care of Geo. J. Zentner, 336 No. Park
Avenue, Oshkosh, Wis.

ZILLER, ADAH MAE, Fort Wayne, Ind.

ENLISTED MEN

- AKINS, BLANCHARD M., Box 106, Burton, Ohio.
ALEXANDER, WILLIAM F., 641 South Main Street, Akron, Ohio.
ANDREWS, ALLEN, R. F. D. No. 2, Oxford, Ohio.
ASHBROOK, ROLAND C., Engineers' Society of Pennsylvania, Harrisburg, Pa.
BAILLEY, JAMES B., 4612 Brown Street, West Philadelphia, Pa.
BARLOW, JAMES, 515 South 27th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
BARRET, JOHN H., 53 University Place, Princeton, N. J.
BASS, BOYD C., Route No. 1, Buffalo, West Va.
BASSARAS, MENILLOS, 1784 West 25th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
BEAN, DAVID B., 1206 5th Avenue, Akron, Ohio.
BECHTEL, RAYMOND W., 828 Liberty Street, Allentown, Pa.
BECK, JAMES, 1077 Laurel Avenue, Akron, Ohio.
BENZ, CONRAD R., 1002 North Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.
BEST, HERBERT H., 845 Tilghman Street, Allentown, Pa.
BLAIR, BERT, Care of Ida Strong, 2427 Lagonda Avenue, Springfield, Ohio.
BLAIR, WILLIAM E., 2427 Lagonda Avenue, Springfield, Ohio.
BLANCHARD, NELSON V., 402 Williams Street, East Toledo, Ohio.
BOLEY, LEWIS R., 158 Moore Street, Barbarton, Ohio.
BOOZER, MORGAN W., Box No. 24, Thomaston, Ala.
BRYCE, GARRETT D., 5541 Hampton Street, East End, Pittsburgh, Pa.
BUTTERY, FRANCIS B. J., 232 Fairview Street, East Allentown, Pa.
BYSTROM, CLARENCE L., 306 North 2d Street, Ishpeming, Mich.
CALLAHAN, DENNIS J., 327 Sixth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
CAREY, THOMAS E., 313 North First Avenue, Dennison, Ohio.
CARPENTER, WILLIAM S., 145 Iota Court, Madison, Wis.
CATON, HARRY W., 623 Madison Street, Ashland, Ohio.
CLAPPER, OMER E., Route No. 3, Chandlersville, Ohio.
CLAYSON, RALPH L., 186 Norwalk Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.
COHEN, JACOB, 1220 Bushkill, Easton, Pa.
COLLINGWOOD, JOSEPH P., 33 Scott Street, Youngstown, Ohio.
COLVIN, JOHN B., 145 Howard St., Bellevue, Ohio.
CONNELL, JOHN J., 2075 West 59th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
CONSIDINE, EDWARD J., Andrews Hotel, Minneapolis, Minn.
COONS, ALBERT, The Bon Ton, Lebanon, Pa.
CUNLIFFE, GEORGE D., JR., 254 Sumac, Wissahickon, Philadelphia, Pa.
DAPOLITO, LOUIS, 144 Baxter Street, New York City.
DARST, HARRY H., Route No. 21, East Akron, Ohio.
DAYTON, LAWRENCE, 575 Viking Street, Toledo, Ohio.



"THE SHIP THAT BROUGHT US HOME"

- DERR, JACOB S., East Greenville, Pa.
DICRISTOFER, JOSEPH, 320 East Park Avenue, Neales, Ohio.
DOBBS, WILLIAM, 1000 Hamilton Avenue, Farrell, Pa.
DORRINGTON, JOSEPH L., 31 Poole Street, Woburn, Mass.
DOUGHERTY, BERNARD J., 117 Davis Street, Wissahickon, Philadelphia, Pa.
DOUGLAS, RAY E., Bradfordsville, Ky.
DRAKE, GORDON B., Brownsboro, Ala., Route No. 1.
DRAKE, SIDNEY D., 1134 Poplar Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
DRUMMOND, HUGH J., 500 W. 46th Street, Indianapolis, Ind.
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DID YOU KNOW THAT

MAJOR SITER was consulting Urologist in the Nice area, was afterwards ordered to Russia, owing to the Bolsheviki monopoly in that country of all things, even diseases of the G. U. tract, he returned to the States?

CAPTAIN WOOD looked so stunning in the gold leaves of a Major that the German *fräuleins* nearly mobbed him whenever he appeared on the streets of Coblenz?

CAPTAIN TARR had written a book on "Hydrotherapy, the value of water, both outside and in"?

LIEUTENANT COX was so successful in suppressing German propaganda along the front that he has been offered a position with the U. S. Government?

LIEUTENANT GEORGE is married? No, not while in France, but shortly after his return to the States.

LIEUTENANT GIESSLER announced his engagement to one of our most popular nurses? Announcement of the wedding is expected shortly.

LIEUTENANT JENNINGS blushes just as attractively in "cits" as he did in uniform?

LIEUTENANT KREUTZMAN is soon to plunge into the sea of matrimony?

LIEUTENANT LINGLE has deserted the medical profession, and is now fleecing the lambs in Wall Street?

LIEUTENANT NARRLEY had a severe accident after leaving Sixty-eight, receiving a fractured skull? Is now much improved, but still at the Walter Reed Hospital, from which he hopes to be discharged shortly.

LIEUTENANT PARNASS has been so busy making money since his discharge from the army that he has announced he is about to take a wife to help him spend it?

LIEUTENANT PLATT is soon to enter the ranks of the Benedicts?

LIEUTENANT STICKNEY broke all records for speed — landed in the U. S. A. the last of July, and in August wedding announcements were received?

LIEUTENANT WEINSTEIN has written a very interesting and instructive article, "How to appear busy while doing nothing"? His wide experience while with Sixty-eight has made this article possible.

LIEUTENANT DEGROAT is the same popular ladies' man as of old? He has resumed his studies at Syracuse University.

LIEUTENANT SCOTT is mess officer at Fort McHenry, Maryland?

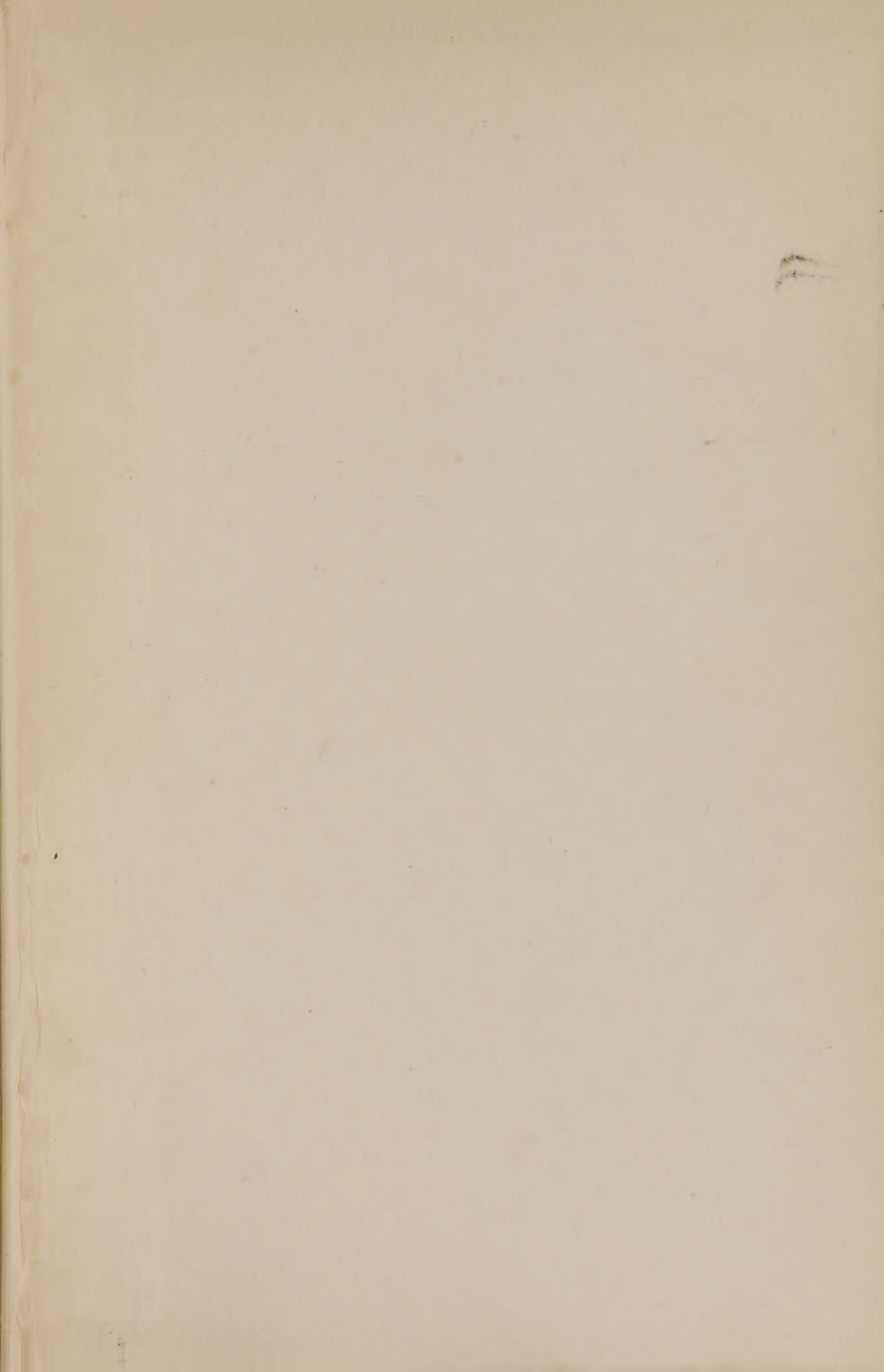
Notice

Feeling that there may be some member of our organization who will desire additional copies of this book, I have advanced the money required for printing a few extra copies. These may be had for \$3.50 each, postpaid.

A. R. SAWYER

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